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THE
PROLOGUE
Rambling Justice,
OR THE
JEALOUS HUSBANDS.

With the Humours of
Sir John Twiford.

As it is acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL.

By JOHN LEANERD.

Licensed March 13. 1678. Roger L'Estrange.

L O N D O N,

Printed by E. F. for Thomas Orrell and
James Vade, at the Hand and Scepter, and
Cock and Sugar-Loafe, near St. Dunstan's
Church, in Fleetstreet. 1678.

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PROLOGUE, spoken by *Flora*.

WILL nothing take in these ill-natur'd times?
Neither low Farce nor great Heroick Romps?
Tis strange you should such Seltaries be grown,

Thus to allow no Doctrine but your Own;
And in the Pit as they in Pulpits rage,
Preach up Rebellion to undoe the Stage.

Like angry Fate you Damn without Controul,
Ruine your Own, but not the Poets Soul.

If Wit should be the Substance of a Spark,

Why is your Talk so Dull & your Sense so Dark?

Things much admir'd by Fops both great and small,

Are to be Drunk, keep Miss, and visit Ball;

But the great Essence, Wit, few have at all.

Wit does in Plays to some Gay Fops appear,

Like a New Mistress in their full Career;

All Ayre and Charmings kill the Minute's past,

And then you kick her out with all your hast,

Tax'd with the Crime, Damme she's False you cry,

Another Lord keeps her as well as I.

This makes the Trade of Miss and Poet Dull,

They care not how Debauch'd to please a Fool.

But what's all this to me? I've yet been true,

But 'twas for want of Wit, like some of you,

'Sdeath who would be so singularly kind,

To oblige but One? Faith they're not of my mind.

Tis Wit in Women to accept of All,

The Knight, the Squire, but Gold in Generall.

The more they swarm, the greater store comes in,

And 'twill be pleasure then to pay for Sin.

But to be left in this unruly sort

By you the Great Pretenders of the Court

Would make a Saint a Mistress ne're so true

Forget her Name, and prove as False as you

Turning her House, since you are grown so Fickle,

As we must ours, into a Conventicle.

There's no Redemption, thank our daily Jars,

The Men are all right Wags & Wars

The Women thus grown out of Favour too

Must in Remotes begin and trade a new.

Then if you chance to have the least Desire
 And come though overhang'd with Love and Fire,
 Perhaps we'll take your Guinies and Retire.
 Cheat you at now with a Dull Lenten Play,
 And being Stock'd and Brisk sneak quite away.
 Laugh at these Huffing Criticks of the Pin,
 Who come in Drove to seize this Monster Win.

The Actors Names.

Mr. Powell,	Sir Arthur Twilght,	A Lascivious old Knight.
Mr. Wilshire,	Sir General Amoroso,	A Gentleman of a free Nature, a General Lover.
Mr. Disney,	Contentious Surly,	Of a morose Jealous Humour.
Mr. Perrin,	Sir Geoffrey Jolt,	A Country Justice, fond of all Women.
Mr. Pavre,	John Twiford,	A Gentleman of no Fortune, sometimes Lurid.
Mr. 2.	Spywell,	Sir General's Man.
Mr. Coysb,	Bramble,	Sir Arthur's Man.
	An Old man,	
Captain of the Gipsies, and other Gipsies Men and Women.		
A Drawer, and two Seditious men.		

Women

Mrs. Farlee,	Eudoria,	Wife to Sir Arthur.
Mrs. Merchant,	Petulant Bass,	Wife to Surly.
Mrs. Bates,	Emelth,	Daughters to Sir Arthur.
Mrs. Cook,	Flora,	by a former Wife.

SCENE IN LONDON

Time Twenty four hours

ow: ead I no know work on I have two
aval to longini of have
and he find

THE RAMBLING JUSTICE, OR THE Jealous Husbands.

A C T the First.

SCENE London.

Enter as in discourse Arthur and Spywell.

Arth. **U**RGE me no more, I like it not.

Spyw. Take Reason with you Sir, and let that guide your Passion; Sir *Amorous* is too much a Gentleman to injure you i'th' least, he is all Ayre, all Freeness, all Conversation.

Arth. Yes, and all Love too, that I have heard and fear; I like his all Ayre, all Freeness and all Conversation very well, but I hate his all Love. Sir, I must beg your Masters pardon, my house has no room for such all Loving Gentlemen.

Spyw. Then he is all Generosity, all Honour, and parts with his Money, Plate and Jewells.

Arth. Ha! what said you there? is he all Money too?

Spyw. Made up with Gold and Silver, and values it as lightly.

Arth. Ha! does he so? let him come in, I love a Gentleman that is all Money with my Heart, I do indeed.

Exit Spyw.

B

I smell,

The Rambling Justice, or,

I smell, I smell a Design, but let him work on, I have two pair of Eyes, and can as soon discover the Intrigues of love, as the Youngest Hector of 'em all, he hath Money, and he hath Writings for Land, two Excellent properties to come under an Aldermans Roof. *Bramble.*

Enter Bramble.

Bramb. Sir.

Arth. Bid your Mistris, 'las what did I say, bid your Lady keep her Chamber, let her not come so much as to the Window, upon her Pettil and youts; for if I spy her though Ten score Yards distance from my new Lodger, I'll put you into the Bryers, look to't d'ye hear. [*Ex. Bramble.*]

Enter Sir Generall and Spywell.

Sir Generall Amorous, your Servant, Methinks I hunger and thirst to doe you service, you were to blame, indeed you were, not to make use of my poor House before.

Gen. I am happy in having so great a Blessing laid upon me, to be under the Roof of such a worthy Friend.

Arth. You are pleas'd to Complement, I know you are, I could have done it 'once too, but that time is past, my dancing Dayes are done.

Gen. Yet you are Fresh and Gay Sir as the Morning, and have the same Desires you had in Youth: but where's your Wife? Methinks I long to see my Charming Landlady.

Arth. Pox on him, does he begin so soon? he has scarce breath'd since he came in, and ask for her already. [*Aside.* Alas Sir, my Wife is gone to take the Ayre, She and my Girls just now took Coach together.

Spyw. As we were coming in I saw her in her Balcone.

Arth. A Rogue *Bramble*, — Sounds in a Balcone. [*Aside.* You are mistaken Sir, indeed you are, she went to *Epsom* yesterday.

Gen. Ha, ha, ha, nay now I find you jeast, come, come Sir you are a merry man, and I know Love to be jocos: what say you shall I see *Eudoria*?

Arth. Not in her time of sickness, she never permits any man to visit her then, Sir, she has such strange fits, a kind of idle Frenzy.

Gen.

The Jealous Husbands.

Gen. I long to see her then, for nothing in the world can more delight me than to see Beauty in a fit of madness, oh how they Charm! but is she often troubled?

Arth. Once a Month, and then she looks so strangely.

Gen. 'Las poor Soul, I fain would trespass Sir upon your Goodness, but the arguments you give me are so many I dare not plead against 'em. [Laughing within.]

Enter Bramble running.

Bramb. Sir, Sir.

Arth. The News with you?

Bramb. My Lady *Eudoria*, and your Daughter *Emilia* are in such a fit of Laughter, that unless you come in to her assistance, and turn the source of their prodigious Mirth, I fear 'twill overcome 'em.

Arth. My Wife Laughing? out you lying Varlet. {Strikes him.

Bramb. As I hope to be sav'd I saw her Sir, she laugh'd extremely.

Arth. Peace Hell-hound or — Pox of the babling [Aside.]
Dog, all's spoil'd now — Alas Sir *Amorous*, my Man is Frantick, as mad as a March Hare: my Wife Laughing? she is the most melancholy Creature in *Europe*, she never Smiles nor Laughs, unless at Prayers, or at Church.

Gen. Be not so angry Sir, he might mistake.

Arth. A Pox of his Mistakes, I hate 'em Sir. {Frets up and down.

Gen. Come hither *Bramble*, — is thy Mistress sick?

Bramb. O law Sir. —

Gen. Nay tell me, Sir *Arthur* shall be pleas'd, how does thy Lady?

Bramb. Well Sir, well. —

Arth. Is she so Rascall? [Strikes Bramble.]

Pardon me Sir *Amorous*. A man may have leave to jest with his Friend, intruth he may, she is within, indeed she is, I did not intend to hinder her your Company, only to raise your Expectations to a pitch. Call in your Mistress, Rascall. Now shall I be made a Cuckold before my face, [Ex. Bramble.]
I know I shall, if I prevent it not — [Aside.] I believe Mr. *Amorous* you take me for a Jealous man, a very Jealous fool I'll warrant

The Rambling Justice, or,

rant you, such another as *Contentious Surly* is. But i'faith you are mistaken, for my Pigsny is too Virtuous to have the least mistrust upon her, she is indeed.

Gen. I must confess *Contentious Surly* Rules more like a Mad-man than a Husband, and looks upon his Wife not with the Eyes of Reason but of Rage, who is all Innocence and Goodness, and I dare swear would not wrong her Husband.

Arth. Not for a World, I know she would not. Alas poor Lady, this it is to have Chastity and Goodness lodg'd under a Jealous Roof, I thank my Stars I am free from it.

Gen. You are the Happier Man, Sir *Arthur*.

Enter Eudoria, Emilia and Bramble.

But yonder comes the Comfort of my Soul, who like a Glittering Star points all its Beams this way, whilst I the only Wretched of Mankind, dare but admire and gaze.

Arth. Sir *Amorous* be Complaisant, I prethee be, I am not Jealous, fack I am not, what! look upon a Lady and not dare salute her?

Gen. Indeed I dare not, my Oath has bound me from so great a Blessing.

Arth. Nay if you have Sworn, I have done.

Gen. However to oblige so good a Friend I will be perjurd once.

[*Goes to Eudoria,*
Madam I hope my strangeness will not appear Rude or Unman-
nerly, for in your Eyes I read a Happy Fate, and Glorious
Blessings wait on every smile, but when they're Check'd by
the malign Aspect of such a dogged Planet, I must only with
this Retire.

[*Kisses her Hand.*

End. 'Tis my Ill fortune-Sir, to live a Stranger from the Blest society of man, and only Eat, and Drink and Sleep with an all-seeing *Argus*, who is—I know not what.

Gen. I can but pity for a time, then strive to get your Freedom.

[*Kisses her Hand again.*

Arth. Why that's well said, to her again Boy, to her again. Intruth she hath as good a—Hand as any she in *Europe*.

Enter Twiford.

Twif. Good Morrow Cousin *Arthur*, and you Cousin *Eudoria*, and you Cousin *Emilia*. I protest my Lady Cousins at Court

Court are extreemly Well, Extraordinarily Jocoſt and Pleaſant, and my Lord had the Mighty Fortune juſt now to win a hundred Guinies of the Earle my Couſin, and how fares my Lord *Amorous*? What, Dogged?

Gen. No Mr. *Twiford*, ſo far from that, I ne're was better pleaſ'd.

Twif. I'll tell you my Lord th' effects of this day's Hunting, The Duke my Uncle, and my Lord my Extraordinary good Friend and Couſin, would needs take me in their Coach to go a Hunting.

Arth. How! in their Coach Mr. *Twiford*?

Twif. Yes, in their Coach Couſin *Arthur*. Alas 'tis the faſhion now, all a Mode indeed; and being come to *Hide Park*, we unbrae'd the Horſes, put our Hats underneath for Saddles, and run the four mile Courſe ſo pleaſantly: but by my Honour I beat 'em a whole Coach length, Poal and all.

Arth. I do believe you. Mr. *Amorous* my new Friend and Lodger, welcome once more, come let's retire, the Morning Ayr is bleak.

Twif. It is indeed, my Couſin *Arthur* adviſes well, and truly I am ſomething weary, for I juſt now came from *Hampton Court*. And upon my word my Couſin is very well, and all the reſt of the Lords and Ladies at Court, they are indeed.

Arth. I am glad to hear it, come Sir *Generall*.

Twif. Indeed Couſin you are very obliging, nay without Ceremony my Lord. [*Exeunt. Spywell calls Bramble back.*

Spyw. Hark. How long have you lived here?

Bramb. Too long by a fortnight, ſixteen days.

Spyw. What, and weary of thy Service already?

Bramb. The Devil cannot live Contentedly under my Maſters Roof, we are all Priſoners, and he the head Jaylour. Sometimes but very ſeldome I have the Keeping of my Lady.

Spyw. What, under Lock and Key?

Bramb. Yes, and Bolts, and Barrs too; he is as Jealous as he is Old, as Old as he is Crafty, and as Crafty as the Devil. Nothing can Cozen him.

Spyw. Nor Cuckold him neither?

Bramb. I believe not, for all my Lady has a mind to it. She ſmil'd upon me the other day, and the Jealous Coxcomb brake my Head for't.

The Rambling Justice, or,

Spyw. Twas ill done indeed. Here, canst thou be secret?
 [Gives him Money.]

Bramb. As a Churchwarden, let all the poors Money slip into my Pocket, and not declare it.

Spyw. You are fit for my Masters turn then: know, that Sir *Generall Amorous* was sent hither by *Contentious Surley* to cuckold your Master, but he knowing no design could be brought about without the help of some Servant or other in the house, ordered me to make Choice of one, whom I should think Convenient.

Bram. I shall be glad to serve you Sir.

Spyw. I am not Unensible your Lady every Afternoon walks into the Garden, where over the purling Fountain she mourns for the Loss she sustains in having only the Ruins of a Man.

Bramb. True Sir.

Spyw. She being entered, I would have you oblige me with the Key of the Garden Gate, that my Master may go in and out at pleasure.

Bramb. It shall be done Sir.

Spyw. That's all at present, but fail not.

Bramb. I will not Sir, I will not. This shall to my Master, perhaps he will reward me nobly for saving his honour, and keeping his Horns from Budding. [Exit.]

Spyw. With this first Plot I'll try the hasty Servant, which if he spoil I value not, for nothing shall be acted I have told him, but every Wheel move in another Frame. I've help'd *Contentious* to his Horns already, and it shall be hard if Twilight scape my Policy. [Exit.]

Enter Contentious Surly and Petulant Easy.

Easy. What have I done to merit your Disgrace!

Surly. Enough.

Easy. Have I in ought transgres'd the Laws of Wedlock?

Surly. Yes.

Easy. With whom?

Surly. One whom I to day remov'd, Sir *Generall Amorous*, have I not seen him gaze upon your Face, bask in the Sunshine of your Early favours, whilst you as wantonly as common Sinners exchange both Smiles and Glances?

Easy.

Easy. Can you blame her for Civill Courtesies, who smiles upon a man that brings you profit, heaps up those Coffers which before were empty, and all if I but smile?

Surly. By Heav'n th' Ambassador for greater Sins, him and his profits I've remov'd from hence, and will do from the world if you but name him more.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir *Geoffry Jolt* just arriv'd, desires you would oblige him with your Presence.

Surly. I'll wait upon him, and do you hear, be Wise and Circumspect, with him I dare to trust you. [*Exit cum Servant.*]

Easy. Yes, Wise enough to leave your surly Humour: did I for this take you to my Embraces, did with that Holy (Curse on the fatall hour, and Curse on me for yielding thus to an Eternall Bondage) Tye of Matrimony? Knit both our Souls together? What shall I doe? I must be free again. Sir *Generalls* Charms have won so much upon me that now I dare, (prompted by the Ill usage of a Cruell Husband) act all he has desired. This very hour I will disguise my self, and with that stock of Jewells I have left, fly to my Amorous Lover, and in his Arms repeat our storn Delights. But here comes that cruell Clog of Matrimony, Husband.

Enter Contentious Surly and Sir Geoffry Jolthead.

Surley. Sir *Geoffry* Welcome, you know I am one of as few Ceremonies as Words, which both I think are needless to a Friend.

Geoff. They are indeed Mr. *Surly*, for my part I hate 'em, I love nothing in the World but brisk Wine, Compleat French Fashions, and Aery young Women, is that your Wife Sir?

Surly. One I am forc'd to call so.

Geoff. She is very handsome, by my Honour I must salute her. Lady accept this kiss from a Country Magistrate, one who admires any thing that belongs to my Dear and Respective Friend *Surly*. [*Kisses Easy.*]

Easy. I am happy then in being his Sir.

Geoff. You are indeed, that word of *Humility* sounds so pleasantly and sweetly, that by *Jove* I must [*Kisses her again.*]
have another. I love a Lady that pays Obedience and Respect

spect to her Lord and Master : a Husband is the Head, the very top Branch of the Family.

Easly. I look upon him so indeed.

Geoff. Again, again, Lord how this Duty Charms me ! let me Embrace you for an hour together. [*Kisses her again.*]

Surly. How now ! why I shall foster up another Snake to sting my Bosome, and one who through simplicity will do't before my Face.

Easly. I hope my Wisedome and Circumspection as he calls it, will make the top Branch of the Family a Buck of the first Head. [*Aside.*]

Geoff. As I was going to say, Mr. *Surly*, your Wife is a very Dutifull, Religious, and by my Honour, a very obliging Lady, your *London* Women kiss with such Art, and so much Magnificence, that they almost Ravish us Country Gentlemen : did you teach her that turn, and that thrust of the Lip ha ? by *Jove* 'tis most Delicious.

Surly. No Sir.

Geoff. Then she is Witty too, Lord how I admire a Witty Lady ! learn that touch your self ! let me be ravish'd quite. [*Embraces her again.*]

Surly. Death and Confusion, this is worse than t'other, this is a meer Stallion, I shall be the Branch I find it, he tops upon her still, and she Receives it, Sir *Geoffry*.

Geoff. I beg your Pardon Mr. *Surly*. I vow your Wife has such a Charming way of Kissing, and presses it so close, I had forgot my self.

Surly. And so She has — I think, have you no shame, thou Impudent'st of Women ?

Easly. Shame Sir !

Surly. Yes shame.

Easly. For what ?

Surly. To let the World behold your loose desires, you kiss with Art and Pleasure.

Easly. You bid me use him kindly, bid me be Wise and Circumspect, and said that you durst trust him with me, and truly if you dare venture that, I dare trust my self with him.

Surly. Oh Impudence !

Easly. You would have me turn the Cheek and blush when he comes near me, as if I were afraid his Beard would hurt me.

No

No Mr. *Surly*, I us'd him kindly out of respect to you : and a thing once well done, is better than twice ill.

Surly. Distraction seize her ! get you to your Chamber.

Easy. I'm gone Sir, and from you for ever. [Exit *Easy*.

Geoff. What, send your Wife away and not give your Friend notice ? 'twas unkindly done.

Surly. Her business call'd her.

Geoff. I faith She kisses smartly.

Surly. I am glad to hear it.

Geoff. And is all Air too, and for her breath——

Surly. No more of that Sir *Geoffry*, I am glad I have any thing to pleasure you——Pox on him, I cannot forbid him the house for shame, nor must he stay to plague me.—— [Aside.

Geoff. Come, come, come, I find you are melancholy, let's to a Tavern, a glass or two of Champain will make us kiss and caper, and get us a stomach to our Dinners. [Exeunt.

Enter Sir Arthur and Bramble.

Arth. My Wife made an Assignment to meet *Amorous* in the Garden ?

Bramb. It is nothing but truth I'll promise you, for his man *Spywell* gave me money not only to be a Confederate, but to steal the Key of the Garden gate, that he as well as my Lady might enter in and out at pleasure.

Arth. Did he so, did he so ? Nay, then there is Treason plotting against my honour, I find there is, and did you get the Key for him *Bramble* ?

Bramb. Yes Sir.

Arth. Did you so Rogue ? out upon thee for a Villain, a Traytor, a meer foot Pad, a Setter, Devil ; you gave him the Key did you ? I'll key you with a Pox. [Beats *Bramble*.

Bramb. Hold Sir, hold, you will make Mummy of me else.

Arth. I will make a Devil of thee, what, my own Servant be a Traitor ?

Bramb. I thought no harm in it, as I hope to be——

Arth. Beaten did you not ? what, give the Key of your Masters Cabinet, his Jewells, his all he has, and yet think no harm ? However come along, conduct me to the place where I may see 'em both, or I will beat you swindgingly, nay, when I have seen 'em, I will make you beat the villain, and then
C beat

beat you for not beating him enough, come along Rascall.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE A Bedchamber.

*Sir Generall Amorous, and Eudoria sitting as in Discourse,
they rise and come upon the Stage.*

Gen. How shall I make amends for this great blessing? if all the Services of Life, (which I'll devote to you) can make the least, I vow to use 'em all; and spend no time but in the company of you, or your Idea which cannot be absent from a Lovers mind, when his Mistress is so kind, so Charming, and so——

End. Nay, do not flatter me, I am but as you see, my Face may pass, and those which love it not, let 'em seek out a better; I am no whining Lover, I hate those puling Fops, I love a man that gains me by Intrigue, a minute stoln is all the happiness of our mortality.

Gen. We will have many then, revell in Joys, and steal a thousand pleasures, I have a Brain was never barren yet, especially in any Love Projection.

End. Thanks to your subtle Man, your vigilant *Spywell*, his Name was not giv'n him for nothing.

Gen. True Madam, I confess he has a ready Wit, but never yet durst undertake an Action, before the Mass was cast by me: he only works and thus divides the whole as our Occasions happen, the drift of which is to obtain your Love.

End. Which Purchas'd, will perhaps be answer'd with a scorn.

Gen. Never, O never Madam; it is impossible such glorious Charms should meet the least neglect, you are all Goodness, and Entrance at every look my Soul.

Enter Spywell.

Spyw. Hasten, or you're lost for ever, your Jealous Husband prompted by his Rage, comes first to search the Chamber, he is all fire and nothing can allay him.

End. What shall we doe?

Gen. Stand here and meet his Fury.

Spyw.

The Jealous Husbands.

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Spyw. O by no means, is there no secret Chamber, no place of safety for you?

Eud. Only one, this door leads to a Gallery which is as dark as night, from whence sometimes he fancies are groans heard, which he declares for Truth, and now and then relates what dreadful Monsters, Ghosts and Devils he in his Bed hath seen, all being only Fancies, idle Dreams; thither we will enter, and as we goe I'll give you a Disguise which I have alwaies ready, and if he chance to enter with a Light tumble both down together.

Spyw. It shall be done, fear not, haste, haste, I hear him coming. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Arthur and Bramble, Bramble with a Light.

Arth. On, on, you villain on, ——— [*Looks about the Room.*
not here by Heaven, nor here, ——— [*Breaks open one Door.*
nor here. ——— [*Breaks open another.*

She is in the Garden that's certain, stay, stay, hold, hold, here is a Gallery, a Teneberian Gullet, which I dare not enter, but *Bramble* shall, in, in, in there Rascall, search every place, nay every Corner, or meet my high displeasure.

Bramble Enters, is Tumbled down by Spywell, rolls out and is followed by Spywell as a Ghost, Arthur seeing him, runs off crying the Devil, the Devil, &c. and Bramble crawls off.

Spyw. Come, come, you may venture to come out now.

Enter Eudoria and Sir Generall Amorous.

Gen. He's gone, as full of fear as Jealousy, *Eudoria* this plot was yours, and henceforth to you I'll own my Preservation.

Spyw. This is no time to talk, Madam haste to your Bed, and there pretend a sleep, I know you want not fitting words to excuse so small an absence if he should chance to search and find you. And you Sir, haste to your Chamber, I know that's the next Rendezvous after the Garden.

Gen. Farewell, my Prayers and Love attend you. [*Exeunt severally.*]

*The Rambling Justice, or,*SCENE *The Garden.**Enter Twisford, Emelia and Flora.*

Twif. Nay, nay, come, come, come, my pretty Cousins, upon my honour and all that, you are both Beauties, but especially Lady Cousin, you as the Eldest ought to have most praise, and i'faith you deserve it nobly, and when saw you my Lord *John*, and his Lady *Mary*, ha?

Emel. I know 'em not.

Twif. What, not my very good Friend and Honourable Cousin my Lord *John*? that's strange indeed; why, he was my Father's Cocker, but afterwards by Care and Prudence, good Custome and so forth, he became an Alderman, and then——

Enter Sir Arthur and Bramble.

what, my Honourable Cousin Sir *Arthur*, I vow I am glad to see you: my Lady *Mary* is very considerably well, and truly I believe we shall have Affairs put into a very good order, and Cousin *Arthur* your two Daughters and I have been entertaining Discourse upon a very considerable subject.

Art. Pox of your subjects. *Emelia*, where is *Eudoria*?

Emel. In her Chamber Sir.

Art. 'Tis false, all, all are Traytors, every one conspires my Ruine and Disgrace, but you shall pay for it Villain you shall, I'll firk you i'faith, you must tell Lies with a Pox, get you from my sight you Varlet. [Beats Bramb.]

Bramb. So I will, and from your Service too; the Devil shall live with such a Master for me, farewell Sir, may the Pox and your own Horns choak you. [Exit Bramble.]

Art. Is he gone, is the Villain gone?

Flor. Yes Sir.

Art. What did he say?

Twif. Something about Horns and Pox, but by my Honour Coz I believe he's Frantick, for what has a Clown to doe either with Pox or Horns? they are Ornaments only for Court and City.

Art. But *Emelia*, *Flora*, nay good Girles tell me where, where, where is *Eudoria*, where is my new Lodger?

Emel.

The Jealous Husbands.

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Emel. As for Sir *Amorous* I know not, but for *Eudoria* I saw her in her Chamber.

Flor. And so did I Sir *Amorous*.

Arth. Nay then 'tis pretty well, 'tis pretty well : I am almost mad dear Girles, this Rogue *Bramble* has Cashier'd my Wits, Pox of the Garden key, but 'tis no matter *Emelia* I have a Husband for you, a Rich and Understanding Husband.

Emel. Nay, if he be but Rich I'll bate his Understanding, that is too troublesome a Companion for a Woman.

Arth. All, all of the same Brood by Heaven, not one Chast Woman in a Kingdom, if there be one 'tis a Miracle.

[*Ex. all but Emelia.*

Emel. This is the Curse of Wedlock, hourly Jealousies and daily Troubles, if ever I marry it shall be one both Deaf, Dumb, Lame and Blind.

*They're all but Complements for hourly Strife,
And with new Troubles daily fill the Life
Of her who's such a jot to be a Wife.*

[*Exit.*

The End of the First Act.

A C T II.

S C E N E St. James's.

Enter Sir Generall Amorous.

Gen. MY Thoughts are all on fire, my Pulse beats swift, and every Motion ushers a new thought, I'm all Desire and Love, and fain would reap those pleasures are in View, oh Jealousy how dost thou wrong that Love might be enjoy'd without the least Suspect, how many various waies do we Conspire to blind his greedy Eyes I wonder *Bramble* staves so long, our hasty separation hindred a new Appointment, which I was forc'd to send by one I would not trust, did he not hate Sir *Arthur*.

C 3

Enter

*Enter Bramble.**Bramble* the News?*Bramb.* The News Sir!*Gen.* Yes, how doth *Eudoria*?*Bramb.* Soft, soft Sir, you think it is nothing to get News out of a Ladies Chamber where her Husband is the Jaylor, I was there Sir.*Gen.* Well.*Bramb.* As you know a merry fellow may pass any where.*Gen.* So Sir, but what is this to the purpose?*Bramb.* Nay, it was nothing to the purpose that is certain.*Gen.* How wretched this slave makes me, did you not see her?*Bramb.* I saw her.*Gen.* Well, and what said she then?*Bramb.* Not a word Sir.*Gen.* How! not a Word?*Bramb.* Proves her the better temper'd, for Women should be seen more than they are heard. She was asleep Sir.*Gen.* You should have waked her then; such another opportunity lost would be enough to ruine half a Kingdome.*Bramb.* I durst not venture that Sir, for fear Sir *Arthur* should have heard me, and then you know what follows: but I stood still awhile, and presently I might perceive *Eudoria* yawn, and stir, and rub her Eyes and then——*Gen.* She spoke the kindest words, oh let me hear 'em.*Bramb.* Not one indeed Sir, and yet I know her mind as well as if I were in her Belly.*Gen.* You said but now she did not speak a word.*Bramb.* But she gave certain Signs, and that's as good.*Gen.* Can you conceive by Signs?*Bramb.* Yes very well Sir; even from an Infant, did you ne're know that? I was the happiest Child in all our Country, I was born of a Dumb woman.*Gen.* How!*Bramb.* Stark Dumb Sir: my Father had a Rare bargain of her, a Rich penniworth, there would have been but too much money given for her, a Justice of Peace was about her, but my Father being then Constable carried her before him.*Gen.*

Gen. What were the Signs she gave ?

Bramb. Many and good Sir. *Imprimis*, she first gap'd, but that I guess'd was done for want of Air ; then she cast up her Eyes and wink'd, as who should say bid Sir *Amorous* come at twilight : then look'd upon her Watch and twice she nodded, as who should say, the hour will come, that I shall make two Noddies of my Keepers.

Gen. A Third of thee, is this your Mother Tongue ? my hopes are much the wiser for this Language, there is no such Curse in Love as an Arrant Ass.

Bramb. O yes Sir, yes, an Arrant Whore's far worse.

Gen. Begone, is this the good you do me ? his Love is wretched and most distrest that must make use of Fools. [*Exit.*

Bramb. Fool to my Face from this, and be beaten by the other ? that's unreasonab; I will be a Knave one day for this trick, or it shall cost me a Fall, though it be from a Gibber. I'll be out of the Precincts of Fools if I live but two daies to an end, I will turn Rascall presently, the best sort of which are *Gipseys* ; for that is the high way to the daintiest Knave that ever Mothers son took journey to. O those dear *Gipseys* they live the merriest Lives, eat sweet stoln Hens, pluck'd over Pales and Hedges by a Twitch. They are never without a plump and lovely Goose, or dainty Sow pig, those things I saw with my own Eyes to day, they call 'em Vanities and trifling Pilsfries, oh they are the Wittiest Thieves, I'll stay no longer, but go and steal something presently, and so bring my self acquainted with them. [*Exit Bramble.*

Enter 'Sir General Amorous.

Gen. Nothing I fear so much as in the time of my dull absence, and the idle Frensie of my Messenger, her Husband will come to know our Loves, and by secret threats and promises regain her Affection, there is the Mischief, I have no Enemy like him, and though his Policy dissemble me a welcome, no mans hate can be greater than his to me.

Enter Spywell.

Spyw. Now is your only time t'enjoy the freedome Sir of Conversation. After *Eudoria* parted to her Bed, I watched the Jealous Husband and dog'd him from the Garden to her Chamber,

ber, where when he found her he leapt for very Joy, then wept, and leap'd again, at last he timerously strove to wake her, which being done he fell upon his Knees and beg'd her to forgive him; hung on her Neck and seem'd to be Transported.

Gen. How can this quench those Flames of Love I feel, or help me to Enjoyment?

Spyw. No sooner was his Pardon sign'd with Kisses, but from her sight he flung to seek you out, that you might make it perfect.

Gen. All this but ushers Torment, not Reliefe.

Spyw. He gone, I entered towards the fair *Eudoria*, and with such moving words as I could utter, painted the Flame Sir of your vigorous Love; she lent a gentle Ear to what I said, and sighing bid you meet her in the Grove behind the Garden gate.

Gen. Oh Happiness!

Spyw. Where Mask'd Sir, and disguis'd like a Town Gipsy she would attend your Pleasure.

Gen. O let me hug you close, I could (methinks) squeeze you into my Soul, the News you've brought has made me all a Flame, rais'd my desires to such a mighty pitch, that as I'm falling t'wards my Sea of pleasure. I shall tast on the way all, all the blifs of Life.

Enter Sir Arthur.

Arth. Sir *Generall Amorous* well met, well met i'faith, I vow I am glad to see you; my Wife poor—— { *Amorous stands melancholy.*

What, angry man? come, come, I know the reason, I was a little Jealous, Fack I was, but it is off again; nay, now you are no true Friend, what, angry for a *Continuando*?

Gen. I am not Sir, especially with you, yet who can shun the Crosses of the World, or help——

Arth. Help, what Crosses? I am the best at helping of Crosses of any man in *Europe*; come tell me your Grievances, you shall, you shall.

Gen. Sir, they are in my Power to tell, but not in your Will t'effect.

Arth. Not in my Will t'effect? by *Eudoria's* honesty but it shall be in my Will, What is't?

Gen.

Gen. By my frequent disappointments, and my many urgent occasions for money, I am at this time necessitated for a hundred pound.

Arth. Hum, hum, a hundred pound? 'tis a swindging summe indeed, and out of my power not will to lend you; however here's a Ring, a diamond Ring it is, and will go near to pawn for fifty Guineys, take that, before you have spent it all, I shall be furnished doubt not.

Gen. Sir I accept your proffer, and for your security the Deeds of all my Lands shall be delivered, till then farewell.

[*Exit cum Spywell.*]

Arth. Shall be delivered? ay but when? I have done bravely now, lent fifty pound upon a shall be delivered; yet o' my conscience he is an honest Gentleman; he has honesty and civility writ on his face, he has indeed; he is not like our whoring, swearing Sparks of the times, who make it their practice to dub Cuckolds, and then out of civility be the Child's Godfather.

Enter Sir Jeoffrey Jolthead and Contentious Surly.

Geoff. Why, now Mr. *surly* we look like men, methinks I could caper and leap, and kiss and play, and do every thing with a Lady: oh this wine, this wine is a very pleasant element.

Surly. It is indeed.

Geoff. What Sir *Arthur Twilight*, and how does my pretty little flearing Misses ha? can they kiss smartly and turn up the lip ha?

[*Surly pulls him by the Coat.*]

surly. Pox of this Fool, he will proclaim my shame to all the World.

[*Aside.*]

Geoff. Can they Boy, can they?

Arth. They can do every thing belongs to the Sex no doubt
Sir Jeoffrey.

Geoff. I vow they are pretty Wags, I love 'em dearly; shall I see 'em?

Arth. Yes when you please Sir *Geoffrey*. Mr. *Surly* you look clouded: pox of sorrow I say, it is enough for superannuated Cuckolds to be melancholy, not such as you and I, we are free from it.

surly. I would I were. [*Aside.*] Sure he knows nothing to the contrary.

Arth.

Arth. 'Tis a great torment to be jealous sure, to think a very shadow at Noon-day can do the act we dream of: to frown on all, even our best of friends; turn off our Lodgers, cashier our Servants, swear at our Maids, slander our Children:

As Sir Arthur talks, Contentious Surly walks, Sir Arthur following him.

Surly. Curse on this Ribaldry, what's this to me, am I the man you aim at?

Arth. No, no Sir, no.

Surly. Am I the mark you level all these arrows at?

Arth. No Sir, no.

Surly. Why do you bellow in my ears the name of Cuckold then?

Arth. Because there is pleasure in it, methinks they are the prettiest old decrepit Creatures in Europe: but Mr. *Surly* I have done, come shall's drink a glass of Wine together? let us be brisk and merry, shall we ha?

Geoff. Well said Mr. *Arthur*, you are the same man still, the merry man I faith, and could I warrant you — but 'tis no matter, come Mrs. *Surly*.

Surly. I care Sir for no more, my business lies at home.

Geoff. A pox of home, thou hast a Wife at home, that can I'll warrant you manage affairs without the help of Husband, come, come, you shall go.

Arth. De de, ifack, Mr. *Surly* you are good company, and I love good company with all my heart, come come, let's to the Tavern, and there talk of our Wives.

Surly. If I go, I bar that discourse.

Arth. It shall, it shall, come, come, we will not name 'em, we will not name 'em.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *The Fields.*

Enter Petulant Easy disguised like a Gypsie.

Easy. I'm happily escap'd, not one pursues me, this shape's too cunning for 'em, and if I can but find Sir General, then all my hopes are crown'd. This is the Gypsies place of meeting, I wonder they are not come yet, what will become of me in this shape without my strange Companions? if I know where to go

I'm

I'm no dissembler, and I'de not lose that part of woman for such a trifle.

Enter Bramble.

Bramb. Oh excellent! by this light here's one of 'em, by your leave Gypsie, pray how far off is your Company?

Easf. Oh happiness, this is the merry fellow Sir *Arthur Twilight* keeps, I'll send him speedily to Sir *General* with the news of my so strange and fortunate escape, and hee'l provide my safety at an instant. [*Aside.*] Do you not serve Sir *Arthur Twilight*?

Bram. Who, I serve, Gypsie? I scorn your motion, and if the rest of your company give me no better words, I will hinder them the stealing of more Pullen then fifty Poulterers were ever worth, and prove a heavier enemy to all their Pig-Booties; they shall travail like *Jews*, and never get a Sow by the ear. I serve? I scorn to serve any body, I am more Gypsie-minded then so, though my face look of a Christian colour, if my belly were ripp'd up, you should find my heart as black as any patch about ye: the truth is, I am as errand a thief as the proudest in the company, I will except none, I am run away from my Master in the state of a fool, and till I am a perfect knave I never mean to return again.

Easf. I am never the happier for this fortune now, it did but mock me.

Enter General Amorous.

Bram. But here comes my last Master, I must not be seen.

[*Exit Bramble.*]

Easf. Yonder's Sir *Amorous*, O happy hour, my blushes come apaceto shrowd my shame, thus let me hide 'em from him.

[*Put on her Mask.*]
Gen. This is certainly she. Madam I am glad I have the happiness of this occasion to meet you here alone, far from the eyes of any Jealous Husband.

Easf. I have long wish'd it, and now I fear some strange mischance will cross us.

Gen. Fear nothing Madam, but let's retire, the hasty Sun will soon withdraw its lustre, and leave us Lovers in a bed of darkness, where we shall be wrap'd in pleasures.

[*Exeunt.*]

*The Rambling Justice, or,**Enter Bramble.*

Bram. Ha is he gone? what, and the Gypsie too? then am I lost again.

Enter Eudoria disguis'd like a Gypsie.

Eudo. Who's that, *Bramble*? then on my shrowd and hide me from his sight. *[Puts on her Mask.]*

Enter a company of Gypsies, men and women with booties of Hens, &c. dancing and singing ridiculously, Bramble seems overjoy'd,

Bram. O sweet, they deserve to be hang'd for so ravishing of me.

Eudo. What will become of me? if I seem fearfull now, or offer sudden flight, I shall betray my self, I must do neither.

C. Gip. Ousabell, Camcheteroon, Puscation, Howdrows.

2. Gip. Rumbos Stragadelion, alla Piskitch in fows Clows.

Bram. Piskitch in fows Clows! I shall never keep a good tongue in my head till I get this Language.

C. Gip. Umbra Fill, Kevoliden, Magropie. *[To Eudoria]*

Eud. I love your Language well but understand it not.

C. Gip. Ha!

Eud. I am but lately turn'd to your profession, yet from my youth I ever lov'd it dearly; steal I can, it was a thing I ever was brought up to; my Father was a *Miller*, my Mother a *Taylor's Widow*.

Bram. She is a thief on both sides.

C. Gip. Give me thy hand, we have not a more true bred thief among us.

Bram. Pray take me into some grace amongst you, for though I claim no goodness from my Parents to help me into your society, I had two Uncles that were both hang'd for Robberies, and a brave Cut-purie to my Cousin German: if Kindred will be taken, I am as near of kin to a thief as any of you that had Fathers and Mothers.

C. Gip. What is it thou requirest noble Cousin?

Bram. Cousin? nay if we are so near of kin already now we are sober, we shall be sworn brothers when we are drunk: the naked truth is, I would be made a Gipsie as fast as you could devise.

C. Gip.

C. Gip. A Gipsie?

Bram. Yes with all the speed you can fir, the very sight of those stoln Hens, eggs me forward notably.

C. Gip. Stretch forth thy hand Cuz, art thou fortunate?

Bram. Nay I cannot tell that my self, I have sometimes found mony in old shoes, but if I had not stoln more then I found, I had had but a scurvy thin cheek'd fortune of it.

C. Gip. Here's a fair table.

Bram. So hath many a man that hath given over house-keeping, a fair table when there is neither cloth nor meat upon it.

C. Gip. What a brave line of life is here! look Giplies.

{ Whilst they discourse, the Gipsies pick his pocket. }

Bram. I have known as brave a life end in an halter.

C. Gip. But thou art born to precious fortune.

Bram. Ha! am I so?

C. Gip. Bette Buckettos.

Bram. How! to beat bucks?

C. Gip. Stealee Bacons.

Bram. Oh to steal bacon, that is the better fortune of the two indeed.

C. Gip. Thou wilt be shortly Captain of the Gipsies.

Bram. I would you'd make me Corporal in the mean time, or Standard-bearer to the womens Regiment.

C. Gip. Much may be done for love.

Bram. Nay here is some mony, I know an Office comes not all for love.

[Searches his pockets but finds none.]
A pox of your lime-twigs you have it already.

C. Gip. It lies but here in cash for thy own use boy.

Bram. Nay if it lie there once, I shall hardly come to the finger-ing on't in haft, yet make me an apt scholar, and I care not, teach me but so much Gipsie to steal as much from another, and Old Nick do you good with that.

C. Gip. Thou shalt have all thy heart requires.

First here's a Girl for thy desires. *[Gives him a woman Gipsie.]*

Look you prove industrious dealers,

To serve the Commonwealth with stealers,

That th'unhous'd Race of Fortune-tellers,

May never fail to cheat Town-dwellers:

The Rambling Justice, or,

Or to our universal grief,
 Leave Country Fairs without a thief.

This is all you have to doe,
 Save every hour a filch or two :

Which hoping you'll observe, to trie thee,
 With Rusty Bacon thus I Gipsie-sie thee. [*Blacks his face.*]

Bram. Do you use to doe it with Bacon ?

C. Gip. Evermore.

Bram. By this light the Rats will take me now for some Hogs-cheek, and eat up my face when I am asleep : I shall have ne'r a bit left by to morrow morning, and lying open mouth'd as I us'd to do, I shall look for all the world like a mouse-trap baited with bacon.

C. Gip. Why here's a face like thine so done,
 Only grain'd in by the Sun.

And this, and these.

Bram. Faith then there is a company of Bacon-faces of us ; we are a kind of conscionable people, and it was well thought upon to steal bacon and black our faces with it ; 'tis like one that commits sin, and writes his faults in his forehead.

C. Gip. Wit whither wilt thou ?

Bram. Marry to the next pocket I can come at, and if it be a Landlords, I wish a whole years rent in it : is this my In Dock out Nettle ? what's Gipsie for her ?

C. Gip. Your Doxie she.

Bram. Oh right, are you my Doxie, sirrah ?

Wo. Gip. I'll be thy Doxie and thy Dell,

With thee I'll live, for thee I'll steal.

From Fair to Fair, from Wake to Wake,

I'll ramble still for thy sweet sake.

Bram. Oh dainty fine Doxie, she speaks the Language as familiarly as if she were begot of a Canter.

Woman Gipsie sings.

Thou hand in hand let's hem him round,

And dance a measure on the ground.

We'll frolick first, then part from hence,

Each with his stock of impudence,

To Towns, to Cities, Fairs, and Fields,

And see what profit each one yields.

Then

Then to our Rendezvous wee'l fly.

Be brisk, be drunk, be kind and die.

{ Here they dance. At the end of the dance, Enter
Contentious Surly, Sir Arthur Twilight, and
Sir Jeoffrey Jolthead, the Gipsies seeing them, run
off all but Eudoria and Bramble.

Arth. Hey day, hey day, what a surprize is this!

[Eudoria offers to go, is hindred by Sir Arthur.

Nay, nay, Gipsie you shall not go, I'fack you shall not, I long to kifs a Gipsie, I do indeed; I am not so old yet but I can shake my leg under a hedge I'll warrant you, come, come, Gipsie, pull off your false face, and tell me my fortune.

[Takes her aside and shows his hand.

Geoff. And can you tell fortunes firrah?

Bram. Culvario, legamuttanio.

Geoff. What a pox is that?

Bram. Shouldramaton, Katathumpton, Rob, bob, a Tumbrell.

Geoff. That Tumbrell I understand being a Magistrate, on, fellow, on, what say you to my hand?

Bram. Chitteroon High Gulleroon, Filcheroon, purse Ful- leroon, Ousabell Camcheteroon, Puscatelion Howldrows.

Geoff. What a devil is this?

Bram. Rumbos Straggadellion, alla piskitch in sows clowsum- bra fill Kevolliden Magropie.

Geoff. Pox on ye, speak English, or I'll make you, tell me of Magropies?

Bram. You are—— { Stares in his face, and all this while pre- tends to pick his pocket, but is discovered.

Geoff. Ha Rogue, ha, is this your Piskitch in sows clows, and your Magropies? I'll Magropie you with a pox. [Beats him.

Bram. As I hope to be sav'd this is the first time, I am but a young Gipsie yet; alas I was Sir Arthur's Bramble till he beat me, and then I ran away, and entred my self amongst 'em.

Geoff. I'll enter you as I am a Magistrate. [Beats him again.

Arth. I'fack thou art a pretty Rogue, tells me all true by hea- ven: Oh I could eat your eyes out! On, on.

Eudo. Y'are an insufficient decrepit whoremaster, and deserve were I your wife to be——

Arth. Chronicled, I do indeed: but women may say what they

they, please, they may indeed. Come, come, let you and I retire, yonder is a delicate hedge, where we will communicate all our good Parts together, we will indeed.

Eudo. What before you see my face?

Arth. No matter, no matter, you have good signs, good hands, good hips, and I believe good every thing; come, come, come, let us lose no time, here's money before-hand, I gad me-thinks I am a very vigorous Lover.

Eud. But I hope, to see my face, now you have so generously expos'd your gold, would be no trouble.

Arth. None in the world: .introth it would raise, it would elevate my spirits to a height, it would indeed, and then I shall—

Eud. What, Sir *Arthur* [*Discovers her self, all are amazed.* Be a perjur'd false dissembling Hypocrite! are these your daily actions, these your haunts? could nothing but a Gipsie serve your turn? is age so hot, so fierce in his desires? have I with tears wept if you were but absent, mourn'd like a turtle when my mate was from me, and all for this return?

Surly. This is some trick, some trick upon my life, and ten to one my honour is concern'd in't; I'll after the Gipsies, perhaps my wife is amongst 'em, I'll see, and search every man and woman in the company but I will find her out. [*Exit Surly.*

Bram. My Mistress a Gipsie? nay then there is hopes for me.

Eud. Keep off, now I abhor you. [*Arthur seems to intreat.*

Arth. Nay dear Spouse, 'twas but a freak, a little freak indeed.

Geoff. Come, come, forgive him Madam, 'troth I have done as much my self.

Bram. Pray Madam forgive him that Sir *Geoff.* may forgive me.

Arth. Nay, nay, dear Chuck, what, be your Husband's mortal enemy? why, who would have taken you for a Gipsie? Nay, nay, come, you shall forgive me. [*Gives her a Ring.*

Eud. I do Sir, but have a care for the future.

Arth. I will never look upon a woman besides thy self again, indeed I will not. Sir *Geoffrey*, you must forgive *Bramble* too, then all are friends.

Geoff. With all my heart, but have a care hereafter.

Bram. I'll warrant you Sir.

Arth. Come Sir *Geoff.* you shall along with me and see *Emelia*.

How more then happy is the marriage life,

When man is blest with such a vertuous Wife.

[*Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT III.

ACT III.

SCENE A Grove.

Enter as out of it, Sir General Amorous, and Easy mask'd.

Gen. **T**HIS is the greatest blessing Heav'n (and you) could give me. How many minutes have we had of precious sweet delight ! Oh let me dwell upon these hands a while, and breath my soul into each trilling Pore : thy melting lips have made me all a charm, and when I cast my arms about thy neck, I thought I grasp'd a God ; the darkness of the Covert could not shade thy piercing beauty from me, for through those thick and darksome Clouds of Night, I could behold the glances of thy Eyes, which shot fresh joys into my panting heart.

Easy. You're pleas'd to jest.

Gen. Not I by Heaven, all, all I say is earnest ; pull back that Cloud, and let me view your glories : let me behold you in the height of blushes, that I may say you charm at every Action.

[Easy pulls off her mask, Generous starts.]

Ha ! have I embrac'd a stale, a cast off Amoret, is this the hopes I had of fair *Eudoria*, have I bestow'd a Ring of fifty pound upon I know not what ?

Easy. What ayle you Sir ?

Gen. Nothing Madam, nothing, onely the apprehension of the danger, and the mistrust your Husband will have of you when he shall find you absent, I must confess did something start my spirits, but now 'tis off again. But oh ! the Ring !

Easy. Name not that senseless thing again, a Husband is e'ne a clog of life, I'm of a humour free, and unconfin'd, and court for pleasure in the man I love.

Gen. True Madam, 'tis most sweet ; when love and freedom meet, a Husband is a kind of dull Animal, created to bear the name of Father, whilest we happy men enjoy with freedom what he fondly thinks himself monopolizeth.

Easy. Then they're so jealous too.

Gen. They are indeed, and that first prompts their wives to new desires: I never yet knew a man jealous, but he had the just rewards his madness merited.

Enter Contentious Surly.

Heavens! here's your Husband coming, on, on with the mask, and haste home with all the speed you can before morning, expect me to give you freedom. *{ Exit Easy, Surly going after her, is stop'd by General Amorous.*

Mr. Surly your servant. I vow I am happy in finding you in this solitary place, my thoughts wanted companions.

Surly. And so they are like still, I cannot stay.

Gen. Were your haste requisite I would not stop you, but with your friend you might dispense some time.

Surly. I cannot, nor I will not.

Gen. Indeed you must sir.

Surly. Must?

Gen. Yes sir you must: I have not forgot how in your last frantick fit you pleas'd to stain my honour, and with such words,

Surly. I have no leisure now.

Gen. To fight I know you have not, nor never had; you wear a sword indeed, but for what use I know not, unless to frighten fools, bully with cowards, or draw on every Link-boy.

Surly. Prithee, I can stay no longer. *{ Forces from him and Exit.*

Gen. He's gone as full of rage as jealousy, pray Heaven he overtake her not, but sure she has more wit then to go the direct path, which he I'm sure will follow, Was ever man so cheated? how came I to mistake *Eudoria*, and light upon this *Easy*? it must needs be the treachery of *Spywell*.

Enter Spywell.

Spy. Was ever man so unfortunate?

Gen. Was ever man so treacherous?

Spy. To have an Affignation from a Lady, and shun the blessing of it.

Gen. I am plain and do not speak in Hieroglyphicks, did not you send *Petulant Easy* disguis'd, as you told me *Eudoria*

doria design'd to be, to the place appointed for our meeting.

Spy. Not I by Heaven.

Gen. Then the Devil did, that's certain; for I no sooner came to th' Rendezvous, but *Easy* habited and mask'd as you described *Endoria*, with open Arms received me, and led me to this Grove; where after a few common ceremonies, love-toys, and the like, I presented her with a Ring I borrowed of Sir *Arthur Twilight*, still taking her for *Endoria*, but coming to the light, and the dark Cloud withdrawn, I found my strange mistake.

Spy. The same hapned to *Endoria*, who full of love came to the place appointed, and there unfortunately met with Sir *Arthur*.

Gen. Confusion!

Spy. He mistaking her for a Gipsie, made a deal of ridiculous Love to her, which she accepted, but coming to the height of all his passion, and fill'd with a licentious kind of Dotage, she discovered her self to the old Lecher, who was glad to make his peace on any terms.

Gen. Oh I could grasp her now into my soul! she is the most deserving of womenkind, but how to let her know the strange mistake, is past my power to imagine.

Spy. Leave that to me, haste to Sir *Arthur Twilight*, and there pretend (as you may very well) a Journey out of Town, and by the way declare your love to *Easy*, and hatred to *Contentious Surly*, tell him you long to be reveng'd, and know no way but one, which is to take his Wife with you.

Gen. Make him a Pander?

Spy. Wee'l do't ne'er fear, he loves to view a Cuckold, but hates to see himself; Come, let's be gone, I'll tell you as we walk, with what you must possess him: as for *Endoria*, leave her to me, if I prepare her not may I never design again.

Gen. Thou art a real servant, and lovest thy Master's pleasure.

How many various Charms round Women move?

Each has some strange Intreague to make us Love.

[*Exeunt.*]

E

SCENE

SCENE *Sir Arthur's House.**Enter Sir Geoffry Jolthead, Emelia and Flora.*

Geoff. But what say you Ladies, how could you affect my person? am I not all Air, ha? why, we Country Magistrates are such taking things, that you *Londoners* run almost stark mad of us. I am as sprightly as any bawdy Citizen of you all; I can drink, I can swear, I can roar, I can serenade and besides all that, I can —— but 'tis no matter.

Flor. Nay there is no doubt Sir, but you are all vigour, and methinks I could love a Country Gentleman with all my heart.

Eme. And so could I, especially a Country Magistrate, they look with so much Grace, and sit at the Bench just like——

Geoff. We do so, we do so indeed, — just like what, my Dear?

Eme. A Baboon looking an Alderman's head.

Geoff. Out upon thee wag, a Baboon is a beastly lascivious Creature: but go on, go on, you have leave to jest.

Flor. I am not of your mind Sister, I love a Magistrate, especially when he is asleep, he nods so prettily, and then he is so quiet, unless now and then he snore out a learned Sentence.

Geoff. Still, still you are wags, meer wags i' faith; but go on, go on, methinks I love to hear you.

Eme. I've done jesting Sir, alas my fit lasts but a little while, and then I am so melancholy; and yet methinks I could love you, would you forbear that hard hearted trick of seeing women whip'd at the House of Correction.

Geoff. I never use it, indeed, I do not, but I know some of your *London* Justices do, it is a kind of pleasure to 'em, and I dare say: faves 'em many a crown in the year.

Emel. Oh now I love you strangely, could you —— but I dare not speak before my Sister —— Could you love me Sir?

Geoff. Beyond the world, why I could eat you Madam.

Emel. What and keep me like a Lady?

Geoff. Oh like a Countess, you shall have all, all that your heart desires, and live so pleasantly.

Emel.

Emel. But would you never turn me off?

Geoff. Never, never by this hand.

Emel. Nor keep another?

Geoff. Sooner a Devil, believe me Madam——

This is the yieldingest little Female I ever saw. [*Aside.*

Emel. I'm loth to try you though, you men are so deceitfull.

Geoff. Courtiers and Shopkeepers, I grant you, they seldom or never keep their words, but we Countrymen are as true as steel.

Emel. How shall we come together?

Geoff. How! as man and woman should.

Emel. But by what means?

Geoff. Ay by what means,——I think some disguise——

Emel. You've thought upon it, habit your self like a *Quaker*, and come at twelve this night, you'll see a candle in my window, hem twice, and I'll come down and let you in, the habit's grave and will keep off suspicion.

Geoff. It will indeed, oh let me kiss your hand.

Emel. Anon you shall enough, farewell.

You shall be *Mis'd Sir Geoffry*, or I'll lose my aim. [*Exit Emelia.*

Geoff. Was ever Country Magistrate so fortunate? sure never. I am an *Adonis*, that's certain.

Flor. My Sister and you have had a long discourse Sir.

Geoff. Something we did talk of, but not much.

This Chicken has a mind to be doing too I find it. [*Aside.*
Alas she is all anger, and looks upon me as the Devil look'd over *Lincoln*.

Flor. I should have been kinder had you made your addressee to me; but her Charms are so great, so many, and so powerfull, it was not in the power of man to stand against 'em.

Geoff. Your Sister is so, so, but i'faith you have twenty beauties to one of hers: methinks your Eyes are——but 'tis no matter, I dare not look upon 'em, if you prove hard hearted like your Sister.

Flor. Try me Sir, I hope you'll find me otherwise. ——

Geoff. Then a woman I would not, for 'tis their glory to frown on all; but could I be so happy, to gain a place within you soft affection, how would I strive to make me worthy of you.

Flor. You are already, — heigh ho — [Sighs.]

Geoff. Come sigh no more, I find you love me dearly.

Flor. But will you not betray me? tell my Sister, and lay me open to her Scorn and Laughter?

Geoff. Not I by Heav'n, Pox I'll be hang'd and damn'd first.

Flor. Nor forsake me?

Geoff. Never.

Flor. Give me your hand, I am yours then; to morrow I will pretend a sickness, and send for you as a most learn'd Physician: but be secret.

Geoff. As a Physician ought, I'll warrant you.

Flor. That done — but tell no body.

Geoff. Pox take me if I do.

Flor. And the Room clear'd — but be silent as you respect my Honour.

Geoff. Fear not, I have more respect to a Ladies honour, than so.

Flor. I'll leave the rest to you: you are wise enough to manage Love affairs. Farewell. [Ex. *Flora*.]

Geoff. If I fail, may I never have such fair Assignations again: a Quaker and a Doctor? two excellent disguises to get Maiden-heads in; I am Ravish'd, that's certain; a Quaker and a Doctor? oh excellent! [Ex. *Geoffry Jolthead*.]

Enter Eudoria, reading a Letter.

End. Th' Excuse is fair, and sounds like real Truth; but what he prompts me to's so full of dangerous hazards, I fear to undertake it. — Wait in the Garden Mask'd [Reads.] and in your Night-gown, and there expect the event.

What should it mean? What Plot's in action now? Why should I ask that question, or doubt the firmness of it, when Love is chief Conductor? I will venture it, attend the hour, and wish to see th' Event. Love cannot injure Love, nor dare it think on any cruell thought; or if it dare, I will be arm'd against it. [Ex. *Eudoria*.]

Enter

*Enter as in discourse Sir Arthur Twilight and
Sir Generall Amorous.*

Arth. Contentious Surlys Wife?

Gen. The same Sir.

Arth. In my Garden?

Gen. Yes Sir, for Love has made her look for such a shift to free her from his Tyrannous Jealousy, and I chose this course before any other, not only to make us sport, but to reap my wish'd for Ends.

Arth. A pretty and most pleasant project! who would not strain a point of Neighbourhood for such a quaint device? I'll go fetch her presently.

Gen. How the Old villain joys in Villany. [Ex. Sir Arth.]

Enter Sir Arthur.

Arth. Sir Generall, Sir Generall, a rare Device.

Gen. What yet again? what Strategem have you now?

Arth. The best that ever was, I'll fetch my Wife's Gown which you may put upon Petulant Easy, that if he chance to meet her, he may not have the least suspect but take her for Eudoria.

Gen. That I have done already, and so disguis'd and mask'd she waits you in the Garden.

Arth. I'll fetch her presently, Lord, Lord, how it pleases me to think upon Contentious, poor man ha, ha, ha, I laugh to think how he will rave, when he shall miss his Wife, a Cuckold, o law a Cuckold! ha, ha, ha. [Ex. Laughing.]

Gen. Now nothing sure can cross me, this night I shall enjoy Eudoria and revell in the pleasures of her Love, what will Sir Arthur say when he shall miss his Wife? he can but vex or perhaps hang himself, let him do either, all's one to me so I but enjoy his Wife.

Enter Arthur, bringing in Eudoria in a Night-gown Mask'd.

Arth. I have her, I sack Sir Generall I have; poor soul how she shakes, come, come Madam fear nothing, Sir Generall is a pleasant Wag, he is indeed a very pleasant Wag; and I dare say loves you with his heart, truly he does, Lord lord, how she tran-

transports me! I am in love with her too, and methinks I could——but let that alone,——let that alone.

Gen. Pardon me Madam, the great desire I had to see you before I went from *London*, made me so importunate.

Arth. You are not, indeed you are not, what importunate? no, no, no, Sir *Generall* loves to Complement, he does indeed, but come let's goe, I fack we must drink before we part.

Gen. Nay, now the Rascall's troublesome.

Arth. Come Mr. *Amorous*, what at a stand? come follow me, I'll lead you to a Glas of the best Tent in *London*, I will indeed, a glas of that, and half a dozen Eggs will make me as vigorous as a Lover of Eighteen, it will indeed. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Emelia and Flora.

Eme. Where is Sir *Arthur*?

Flor. Gone out, but where, I know not.

Eme. If he stay abroad but long enough 'tis well.

Flor. Pray Sister what do you intend to doe with Sir *Geoffry*?

Emel. What? make an Ass of him. I'll help his zeal to a Mistress, and fit him to a hair I'll warrant him.

Flor. Why, will you let him in?

Emel. Yes, and conduct him to our Masking Room, where by the help of the Trap-doors I doubt not to effect what I desire: I have already prepared our Scullion, who when the Candle is out, shall enter for a woman and perform my part, he is shaved on purpose, and I do not fear but he will banter him bravely.

Flor. He comes to me to morrow, if the affront you put upon him dash not all his hopes.

Emel. That you must save again, by railing at me for the injury I did to Sir *Geoffry*; for his part he is so good natur'd hee'll soon believe you.

Flor. I would not lose the Opportunity for all my hopes of marriage.

Emel. Sister it grows late, within this half hour I expect him.

Flor. Let us part then. Pray Heaven the Lecher comes.

Emel. Nothing more sure, be near to see th' event.

Flor. I'll warrant you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE A Tavern.

Enter Sir General Amorous, and Sir Arthur Twilight,
Leading Eudoria mask'd.

Arth. Come, come, Madam, you are so melancholy, so all a mort : Sir General, pray come and comfort the Lady.

Gen. Sir Arthur, I must beg you to officiate my place for a minute, whilst I go down and dispatch a little business.

[Exit General Amorous.]

Arth. Blest Opportunity ! she is right I'll warrant her, or else she would not leave her Husband to run away with a Gallant, but it is common i'fack, very common. Come Lady let us sit down together, you look so like my Wife that I could eat you, nay come, this coyness not becomes you. — [Eudoria sits at a distance. Nearer a little, nearer yet, let me, let me feel your hand ; a delicate soft moist palm upon my word ; very good symptoms indeed, let me see, good breasts too, Lord, Lord, how she charms me ! nearer yet dear Lady, she is a delicate Creature, and has all the symptoms of a Miss about her. Pray Madam off with your mask, that base injurious thing — [Eudoria points to the Candle.] Ha ! put out the Candle ? I understand her meaning, i'fack I do. [Puts out the Candle. Eudoria steals out.]

Now Madam I have perform'd your orders, I hope you will allow me the honour of your Lip, your cherry Lip, your rosie Cheeks, your dainty Teeth, your soft moist Palm, but here's enough of that ; come dear Lady let us hug one another ; nay you shall not deny me, you know I know you, come little Wag, you know I do ; what, keep from your friend and servant ? nay, nay, if you are run into a corner I'll after you, i'faith I will.

[Grope to find her out, and falls over the stools.]

Enter Petulant Easy.

Easy. Thus far I have dog'd Sir General, and was inform'd below, he and a Lady were above together, which if I find, and see apparent falsehood in the man I love, I'll study for revenge, and in his death blot out my shame for ever.

Arth. Madam, dear Madam, nay now you are unkind, indeed you are Lady, dear Lady.

{ Gropes about, at length seizes Petulant Easy.

Ha, have I caught you Wag, ha? come, come, let us solace our selves, let us enjoy one another, come, come, I am ready again, I am indeed, the fall did not hinder much.

Easy. What are you Sir?

Arth. A man, a man, a vigorous old man, fack, come, come, ———

Easy. You are mistaken in the woman sure.

Arth. No but I am not, these soft moist hands are a good sign, i'faith they are.

Easy. A sign of what Sir?

Arth. A stirring, brisk, airy, lively, sprightly woman; one that will kiss and hug, and hug and kiss, and kiss and hug to a miracle i'faith.

Easy. Nay if you are rude I'll leave you.

Arth. But you shall not, come, come, be pliant, Sir *Amorous* will be here presently, and then our sport is spoil'd, come, come, dear Lady.

[Embraces her close.

Enter Drawer with a Light.

Draw. Shift for your self, or you're undone for ever, *Contentious Surly* is below, in such a rage, as if the *Spanish Devil* jealousy were dancing in his eyes; he swears he dog'd you hither, and nothing can satisfy him but search the house he must.

Arth. *Surly* below? O law, what's to be done now?

Draw. Here, here, into this Closet, if he should chance to take you 'twill be but as a jest.

Arth. Make hast, make hast, would it were over once.

{ Easy and Sir Arthur enter into the Closet, the Drawer locks the door and Exit.

Enter Contentious Surly with a Light.

Surly. O damn'd Creature! can nothing keep her honest?

[Looks about the Stage.

Not here, the jilting Queen has tricks, and shifts her shape as often as a Witch, she's here for certain, and must not scape my Inquisition.

[Breaks open the Closet.

Ha!

Ha! have I found you Madam? and you lecherous Sir? come out ye pair of sinners, and let the world be witness of my shame.

[*Sir Arthur and Easy come out.*]

Easy. What shame, to be in a Closet with an old man alone? is that your wonder Sir? nay with such an old man as has nothing but desire about him.

Arth. Not I by Heaven, I am an Eunuch Sir.

Sarly. You are a Devil Sir, a Goatish Devil; and were it not for the respect I have to your black souls, which I would not take so unprepared, I'de send you both to Hell immediately.

Easy. Do hasty Husband, I dare you do your utmost; strike, 'tis a woman bids you, where is your fury now? if you have any I'll raise it to a pitch, and leave you in the height on't. Know I hate thee, and all thy furly humours, and will never be slave to a Jealous Husband more. Farewell, if you dare see the Monster, I will make you home to your Glass and view your self.

[*Exit Easy.*]

Sarly. Brave, I am a Beast all over, a publick noted Beast, and she a Devil, howe're she shall not scape me. [*Exit Sarly.*]

Arthur. If this be the effects of whoring, I have done with it: pray Heaven *Eudoria* hear not of it.

Enter Drawer.

Where is Sir General Amorous?

Draw. He and the Lady you brought in just now took Coach together.

Arth. The Lady, what Lady?

Draw. The Lady in the Night-gown.

Arth. Was there a Lady besides *Easy* then?

Draw. Yes, a delicate sweet Creature, much like your Wife.

Arth. How? my Wife, my Wife? by Heaven it may be so indeed! I have a strong suspicion for it, I shall run mad, mad, stark mad; my Wife, my Wife, my Wife, I am a Cuckold, I am, I am, I am indeed, a damn'd procuring Cuckold.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. *Sir Arthur's House.**Enter Sir Geoffrey Jolthead, like a Quaker.*

Geoff. I am transformed, I am another Creature, and have the tone of the Brethren, pray Heaven I may have the success too, but not to be toss'd out of a Balcony: that is *Emelia's* Chamber, I find it by the Light, now to my sign, Hum, hum.

*Enter Emelia above.**Emel.* Who's there?

Geoff. Thy Brother *Zachariah*, who desires to meet thee in the way of the Faithfull.

Emel. I will descend, thy presence is most gratefull.

[Exit Above.]

Geoff. Now for a night of pleasure, I faith it will tast the sweeter, because we are like Brethren; Oh those dear debauch'd Brethren! how many merry nights they spend with a Go in, Increase, and Multiply.

Enter Emelia

Emel. Enter *Zachariah*, thou hast a Sister's leave.

Geoff. And I will perform the part of a Holy Brother.

*[Exit.]**Enter Sir Arthur Twilight.*

Arth. *Eudoria*, Wife *Eudoria* I say, what out of doors at this time? where shall I seek this Gad-fly? why Wife I say: she's gone, she's gone, a pox of the *Salutation Tavern*, she's gone with Sir *Ashorow*, I find she is, a Coach, a Coach, a Coach, a hundred pound for a Coach.

Enter Spywell

Spy. That was Sir *Arthur's* voice, now to my posture. Confusion take me if e're I serve again. *[Runs against Sir Arthur.]*

Arth. Who's there?

Spy. One that resolves never to serve a Rambling man again.

Arth. This is *Spywell*, I may learn something from him. *[Aside.]* Did you serve a Rambling Master then?

Spy.

Spy. Yes, a common Whoremaster? no longer agoe, than this Evening he run away with a very Worthy Gentlemans Wife.

Arth. Ha! did he so, did he so, what Gentleman, friend?

Spy. A very Worthy man indeed, one Sir Arthur Twilight.

Arth. Confusion! I am the Cuckold then— [Aside.]

Spy. But were I he, I would—

Arth. What?

Spy. In some disguise search out the Lecherous goat, and damn 'em both together.

Arth. Ay, ay, but what disguise?

Spy. They now are at the Rose, drinking, carrowling, and in a height of jollity; but would he goe disguised like an old Fidler, and take his man in a strange habit with him, he might perhaps revenge, and keep himself from being made a Cuckold.

Arth. He might indeed, he shall about it presently. [Exit Sir Arthur.]

Spy. This will be Mirth to Admiration: I could e'en hug my self to think upon the Credulous fool, I must not lose him though.

The bliss of Life whilst Mars and Venus rules
Is to project for Wise-men, Cuckold Fools. [Exit.]

SCENE A Chamber.

Sir Geoffry Jolthead and Emelia are discovered imbracing.

Eme. Nay, you are too vigorous, Brother.

Geoff. My Zeal is hot, I am inflam'd, my Spirits are on fire.

Eme. After our Ceremonies are perform'd, we will like holy Brethren meet and love together.

First with this Powder I'll perfume your Face,

Then with this Band your tender Wrists Embrace.

Well scented thus with all your Vigour move,

Turn three times round, and then enjoy your Love.

[Blacks hit Face, and ties his Hands behind him,
& then puts out the Candles and Exits.]

Enter an Old man dress'd about the head like a Woman.

Geoff. I come, I come, I come, this is one of the prettiest devices in the whole Creation. Madam, Lady *Emelia*, what not answer me? Nay then i'faith have at you, I am old Dog at Buff; I could play at Blind-mans Buff naturally, ha, that was a shroad Mistake. *Runs against something and breaks the string that bound his Hands.* Why Lady, dear little Rogue; where are you, ha? there I touch'd you; i'faith have I got you, have I, have I? nay now I will make you kiss me, and hug me, and imbrace me, and O my dear little Rogue. *Having caught the Old man, he Kisses and Embraces him till a Table with two Candles upon it rises.*

Bless me! what have I got here?

Old man. Nothing but an *Old man* indeed Sir.

Geoff. An *Old Devil* are you not? begon Wizard or I'll make you *Kicks the Old man off, returns again, and is let down under the Stage.*

O Devil, Devil, Devil! Whither am I going now? help, help, help. _____

SCENE *Covent Garden.*

Enter Sir Arthur Twilight with a Cymball, and Bramble with a Violin, both disguis'd.

Arth. Come *Bramble*, we shall find her anon I am sure on't.

Bramb. Would we could Master, for I am half afraid to walk abroad so late.

Arth. No danger, no danger *Bramble*: O that we could but find 'em, I would Rogueship my Amorous Gentleman, i'fack I would. *[Musick and a Noise of Singing as in the Streets.]*

Bramb. Ha, the Roaring Boys are abroad Master, and if we stay here any longer we shall be kill'd for certain.

[Musick and Singing again as nearer.]

Arth. They are coming indeed, they are near us now, what shall we doe *Bramble*? O here's honest *Sprywell*,

Enter

Enter Spywell with a Light.

Spy. So so you're well disguis'd. Now, now Sir is your time; Sir *Generall Amorous* and your Wife are enter'd there, there in that publick Tavern, they've sent to see for Musick: now if you dare venture to pass amongst the Gang, I will conduct you to 'em.

Arth. With all my heart, Oh I long to see 'em.

Spy. Where taken for Musicians, you may stand unsuspected, and behold all their Transactions.

Arth. Make hast, make hast, Ohow I long to see 'em!

[*Exeunt. Marret Spywell.*]

Spy. Which you shall do, doubt not, and suffer for your Curiosity.

Rais'd to a height, he from the top shall fly

To perish by his Rage and Jealousy.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE *The Streets.*

Enter Sir Geoffry Jolthead.

Geoff. I Am out again, thanks to my good fortune: if this be Love and Enjoyment, the Devil take it for me; 'twas twenty to one I had not broke my Neck when I fell into the Cellar, my Mistress *Eucelia* was a little civil I confess to leave a Light below, otherwise I might have slept amongst the hogheads: I have lost all my stomach to Womens flesh, and shall never have a good opinion of the Sex as long as I live again.

Enter Twiford.

Twif. My Lord your servant, I vow I am extream glad to see you, your Honourable Cousins are all in good health, and every

every thing goes extraordinarily well indeed. I just now came from *France*, and truly every thing there is in a very good posture: his most Christian Majesty would fain have laid his Commands upon me to have been his *Generalissimo*, but I hearing the English Drums beat up for Volunteers, came to pay my Respects to my very good Friend and Cousin, and to serve under the noble Banner of *England*.

Geoff. What a Pox is the meaning of this?

Twif. My Lord I cannot but commend your meen and garb, upon my honour you are all over very charming, and look like one of the honourable family of the Soft-heads, I hope my Cousin *Richard*, and his extraordinary obliging friend *Thomas* are in perfect health.

Geoff. Yea Sir. What a pox ails he?

[*Aside.*

Twif. And my Lady *Grace*, and Madam *Pru*, and that extream obliging Lady Madam *Text*, I vow I long to see e'm, but my extraordinary business in Town, has hindred me from their Society. Why I'll tell your Cousin, I am just now going to serenade Madam *Emelia*, upon my honour she's fort obligant.

Geoff. She is all abomination, and musick is the wind-pipe of *Lucifer*.

Twif. But mark you Cousin, mine is no wind musick, first, here is a Tin Pot, which besides its excellent vertues of making a delicious, sweet, charming, melodious sound, serves at a shift to drink out of; then here is an Extinguisher, and here a Drumstick, all which meeting together, make an excellent harmony; you shall hear it Cousin. [*Plays upon his Pot, and sings ridiculously.*

Geoff. Avant *Satan*, these are not the Devices of the Brethren, be gone with your Galemofry of Noises, or I shall rebuke thee, mark you?

Twif. How do you like the musick, my Lord?

Geoff. Be gone I say, you disturb the ears of the faithfull.

Twif. But Cousin.

Geoff. I will not hear thee, vanish thou *Hocus Pelabrus*, or look you, thus I will force you. [*Pushes him off.*

Twif. But my Lord, nay Cousin, my Lord, I say——[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Contentious Surly.

Surly. She has scap'd my rage again, and unless she be at home I know not where to seek her.

Geoff. What lewd disturber is that?

Surly. 'Sdeath hold thy tongue.

Geoff. I say thou hast evil intentions, and designest to rob the house of my friend.

Surly. Thy friend! who art thou?

Geoff. A faithfull Brother, by Name Geoffries, Zacharias Jolt.

Surly. Strange! I should know that voice.

Geoff. Yea, I am the man, now tell me, who art thou?

Surly. My name's Contentious Surly.

Geoff. The Devil it is? what my good Friend and Landlord?

Surly. Faith cross, extremely cross, my Wife has given me two slips for a Teaster, and is run the Devil knows whither.

Geoff. That's fine i'faith; would I could meet her, she kisses smartly, and has the Town ways to a hair i'faith.

Surly. That's all the hope remains.

Geoff. Let's knock and enter, if they refuse break open the doors.

Surly. Agreed.

Geoff. That's well said i'faith, enter and search, we shall find her in a corner.

Surly. [Exit]

SCENE A Tavern.

Enter Sir General Amorous, Eudora and Spywell.

Gen. Is all prepar'd?

Spy. All's in a readiness to entertain Sir Arthur.

Gen. Then let in the Maskerading Ladies, and bid the Fiddles approach.

[Exit]

Come Madam, on with your Mask, to night we will enjoy our loves without disturbance, and smile upon the Jealous Fool thy Husband, whose curiosity shall lead him to his ruine.

End. I fear hee'l know me.

Gen. Let him, he shall not dare to touch you, nor gaze upon you with the eyes of anger: to animate his rage chuse him out to Dance with you, I have ordered another to make choice of *Bramble*, who will also at the appointed time leave him with his Credulous Master, and both shall be convey'd so great a distance from us, that scarce his cries shall enter to disturb our joys.

End. I'm too hard hearted to a Jealous Husband.

Gen. Would you be kind to him and ruine me? would you destroy me on the verge of bliss, or kill what you have made? I should not urge had you content at home, but being rob'd of such a weighty blessing, and made a starveling to the joys of Wedlock, I come with real and hearty zeals, to give you those pleasures his Age and Impotence deny'd.

End. I'm too far entred now to make retreat without the loss of Honour, I must be yours for ever; but use me kindly, lest the strange surprize should kill my blooming hopes.

Enter Spywell with Fiddlers and Ladies, amongst whom are Sir Arthur, Bramble and Petulant Easy disguis'd, all the men and women are mask'd but the Fiddlers.

spy. Come, Come Gentlemen, strike up, and let the musick of the Sphæars speak loud, whilst they employ their feet in Dancing Measures.

Endoria and a Lady go to take out Sir Arthur and Bramble, who deny a great while, but at length yield and join with them. A Dance. All Dance off but Sir Arthur, Spywell, Bramble, and Easy, who all continue dancing but Easy.

Easy. 'Tis she, I know it; perfidious man you shall not scape my fury, must I be thus rewarded for my Favours, and not study a requital? rise up black revenge, and teach me to be cruel; teach me to act as bloody Nero did, that in my height of love and vengeance I may damn both, both their black souls together.

Arthur. Ha! he gone?

[Exit Easy. They cease Dancing.]

Spy. Yes, yes Sir, come hither, both direct your eyes that way, and there behold what would confound a man not arm'd with so much reason——What see you Sir?

Artb. Nothing.

Spy. Nor you?

Bram. Not I by Jove.

Spy. Look, look, I see 'em kissing, there, there, like wanton Turtles they're billing both together.

Artb. Where, where?

Spy. There, there. *{ Stamps, Sir Arthur and Bramble are let down under the Stage, they cry help.*

Now you are safe enough, and secur'd from all disturbance; and Sir General Amorous may now in peace enjoy the fair Eudoria; all the reward I hope for is success. Projecting is my genuine Mistress, and in my brain I lodge the soft Belov'd, and treat her minutely with pleasing Embryo's, which by the moderate heat of smooth desires, are hallow'd into perfections, which at once create and give me pleasures.

These harmless plots perhaps may seem unjust,
But when such loads you adde to one man's trust,
Blame not projections if they onely prove
A Servants care to obtain a Masters love.

[Exit.

SCENE A Bed-chamber.

Sir General Amorous and Eudoria are discovered sitting by the Bed side.

Gen. Come blush no more, I am thy Husband now, and with a Passion more innate then his, I will exhilarate thy soul, and lead thy senses in a Sea of pleasures, where, arm in arm, we'll wanton 'twixt the Waves, and every minute find new pastimes out, revel in joys of uncontroll'd delights, and dwell forever in this bright Elyzium.

Eud. You've nam'd a word which bates me of my hopes, and dashes all those thoughts I just now dream't of.

Gen. It shall be banish'd quite, or like a foyle stand still to heighten pleasure, what was't Eudoria?

Eud. Nothing but Husband Sir: that very word curbs all my joys, and prompts me to a sense, that all's imaginary.

Gen. What frown of fate can take you from my bosome, or rob me of the treasure I embrace?

Enter Spywell.

Spy. Sir I have done the work.

Gen. Is he safe?

Spy. As a thief in a mill, ne'r fear it; but here's one danger yet unconquer'd, the jealous *Biss*, who (it seems mistrusting you were here) came as a *Maquerader*, and after the dance, followed you and *Eudoria*, and had doubtless surpriz'd you here, but that the *Drawer* by meer force kept her back.

Gen. What must I be prevented then?

Spy. Sir you had best go and appease her rage, perhaps she'll hear your reasons.

Gen. I will, but with a curse able enough to damn her.

[*Exeunt. Minet-Eudoria.*]

Enter Petulant Easy.

Easy. Where's this unconstant man, and this false treacherous woman? Oh let my anger meet 'em both, and in one breath confound 'em!

Eud. What's this?

Easy. Nothing lascivious Lady but the force of love, and you if you had any grace might think it so, how durst you look upon that faithless man, or entertain the least thoughts of such a loose desire, and not tremble? I am all fury, and could shoot such killing glances on you, which would (but you're so practis'd in the art already) reduce you to a heap of earth again.

Base treacherous woman!

Eud. I understand you not.

Easy. Then I'll be plainer, you are a —

Eud. Woman, and so are you, both married women too, and love Sir General both.

Easy. Your Husband shall know all.

Eud. So shall Contentious too: but talk is frivolous, and may perhaps hinder a new appointment. Farewell. [*Exit Eudoria.*]

Easy. Brave! she has impudence enough to stock the Sex in general. How shall I be reveng'd? I'll haste to find Sir Arthur, tell him her crimes, and urge him to revenge.

Thus to be slighted, now I all have giv'n,

Calls for confusion, and revenge from Heav'n.

[*Exit.*]
SCENE

SCENE *The Streets.*

Enter Contentious Surly, and Sir Geoffrey Jolt.

Geoff. Nay, nay, be patient man, what! fret for the loss of a woman? one that loves pleasure? pox on her let her go, let her go, you and I will to a Bawdy house, and there solace our selves, ha? shall we boy, ha?

Surly. No Sir.

Geoff. What not to a Bawdy house? let's to a Tavern then, drink and be drunk, and kiss every woman we meet.

Surly. I am not given to the Flesh so much Sir.

Geoff. Nor I neither, but I do it in revenge, I will lye with twenty women successively, and all to be reveng'd of one; but thou hast a Wife.

Surly. Damnation seize her, why should I of all the world be made so wretched? why should my fate be so severe, so cruel? No one can see I am a Cuckold, but I know I am, there, there's the plague on't.

Enter Flora mask'd.

Flo. I cannot sleep to night for thinking on Sir *Geoffrey*, oh how I long to see him! the great affront my Sister put upon him, I fear will keep him from me, which makes me venture at this unreasonable hour to find him out, and wheedle him into a strange belief of my affection: ha! — yonder he is, now to be taken notice of.

Geoff. Ha! are you there, are you there i' faith? blest Moonshine! I have discovered a Lady, a Night-walker upon my life. I'll after her.

[*Exit Geoffrey.*]

Surly. How shall I find her out? which way contrive to revel in revenge? Sir *General Amorous* is the man that wrongs me, and on him I'll pour my indignation: but how the Devil came Sir *Arthur* and she lock'd up in the Closet together? how? why she's common and fond of all the world: he, he shall suffer too, but in a different way, the one shall die, and the other be made as monstrous as I am.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Flora mask'd, Sir Geoffry following, seizes her.

Geoff. Nay little Rogue, i'faith you shall not 'scape me ; 'twould be unkindly done to let you go alone, so early in the morning too, come, come, let me see you home to your lodging little Wag.

Flor. I beg your pardon Sir, I do not use it.

Geoff. What ! not your lodging Rogue ? let's to a Tavern then, where wee'l drink and be so merry, so jocost and pleasant, and kiss and hug, and love one another.

Flo. Who are you Sir ?

Geoff. A Country Magistrate, Lady, one that doats upon wo-mans Flesh, a very Cully, believe me Madam.

Flo. You'l pawn me Sir.

Geoff. Not I by *Jove*, what, pawn a pretty Lady ? that were unkind indeed ; I may be frolicksome or so, but i'faith I will not pawn you.

Flo. I dare not venture to a Tavern Sir.

Geoff. Let's to thy Lodging then, all's one to me ; here, here's the tempting Angels, all this for a nights lodging I Gad : now I am all vigor, and shall I, hah ? little Rogue shall I ?

Flo. If you'l be kind.

Geoff. As a Lover can be, thou shalt have Gloves, and Fans, and Muffs, and Ribbands, and—

Flo. A Monky too.

Geoff. Yes, yes, a great Baboon, come, come, let's go.

Flo. You have such taking ways.

Geoff. And so have you i'faith. Here's one of my twenty that's certain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Covent Garden.*

Enter two Sedan-men bringing Sir Arthur Twilight in Bramble's cloaths, and Bramble in Sir Arthur's cloaths, bound and gag'd in a Sedan.

1. *Sed.* Pox on 'em, they're cursed heavy.

2. *Sed.* Full of sin, full of sin Brother ; but let's set 'em down here in the *Piazza's*, and go and take a cherishing cup this morning.

1. *Sed.*

Old Sed. Agreed, but I am afraid it is too early.
2. Sed. No, no, no, they are up at the *King's-head* I'll warrant you. [Exeunt Sedan-men.]

Sir Arthur and Bramble come out of the Sedan.

Enter Contentious Surly.

Surly. Gone from thence too? She is a Necromancer that's certain, and has a Legion of Devils to attend her. What have we here, *Sir Arthur Twilight*, and his Honourable servant *Bramble*? they are in a pretty Posture too, and stand seasonably for a beating, which that old Lecher shall not want; this for Bellowing the name Cuckold in my Ears,—and all these for being lock'd up with my Wife. And so farewell Sir.
 [Beats Bramble and Exit.]

Enter Petulant Easy.

Easy. O that I could but find *Sir Arthur* now to tell him all the story of his Wife, and pour into his Ears the strongest Venome that ever Poysoned man; and here he is, most happy opportunity. I'm sorry Sir, that I should be the Messenger of such ill news, as I am forc'd to tell you; but when a man is Married to a Wife, false and unconstant, one all desires, and greedy after Pleasures, one that shall force a man to her Embraces, and hug him with a Zeal—what, not answer me?
 [Bramble makes a Noise.]

Alas Poor man, this was *Eudorias* Plot, her loose Contrivance, is't not enough to wrong her Husbands Bed, but she must serve him so, make him the Scoff, and Scorn of all the World?—

[Unbinds Bramble, he ungags himself.]
Bramb. Thank you Madam, this is the first kindness I ever received of a Woman in my life.

Easy. Are you not *Sir Arthur* then?

Bramb. No, but I am his Man, and that's as good.

Easy. Where is your Master?

Bramb. There stands the Worshipfull Gentleman, you may be kind and release him if you please: *Easy goes and unbinds* this is the fruits of Fiddling and Horn—*Sir Arthur.* hunting with a Pox, but if ever you take me in a Disguise again, I'll give you leave to hang me. Pox of *Surly's* blows, they

they were very unwelcome to me because they were meant to my Master.

Arth. Madam, I can but thank you for my liberty: it was a severe Torment, it was indeed.

Easf. But who transform'd you thus?

Arth. I faith I know not.

Bramb. Two Devils I think, they were disguis'd I'm sure.

Easf. Were I so injur'd, nothing should keep me from Revenge.

Arth. Ha! what said you there, Revenge? I fack I long to be reveng'd, but how?

Easf. The Cure must needs be dangerous, when the Disease rages with so much violence; you are not unsensible you are a Cuckold?

Arth. Ha?

Easf. Wonder not at it, for you're so that's certain, I saw 'em both folded like Twins together, destilling Kisses, intermixing Glances, and with a Rapture unexpressible, dissolve into a shovre.

Arth. A Cuckold?

Easf. I heard her boast, and glory in his Love, repeat the numbers of his Obligations, count o're his Charms in such a wanton Dialect, as would almost intice a Saint to sin.

Arth. A Cuckold, O Confusion!

Easf. Then being tyr'd and glutted with Excess, repeat the pleasures of her stoln Delights, whilst her Lascivious Ears suck'd in the sound, that every Sense might have an equall share.

Arth. No more, no more, no more. Death no more.

Easf. Sometimes she'd with a scornfull smile call on your name, and say Alas poor Sir Arthur, poor decrepit Cuckold.

Arth. Cuckold again! no more, no more, sweet Lady have you done?

Easf. If it offend I have.

Arth. Why, do you think it pleases, a Cuckold, a horrid, nay a known Cuckold too? I will be reveng'd that's certain, nay swindginly reveng'd, a Cuckold? O horrid! come along Bramble.

[Exeunt, manet Easf.]

Easf. He's fir'd, and nothing sure can quench him, but the removall of his Wife *Eudoria*; then I shall enjoy his Love in Peace, and fear no other Rival; yet there's one danger still,

a Jea-

a Jealous Husband, he shall be remov'd too, they are not fit to live who hourly strive to curb a Womans Joys, I will about it presently. [Exit.]

Enter Twiford talking to two Link-boys.

Twif. Truly every thing is very considerably well, and my Honourable Lord is in a delicate pleasing humour, and my Lady is—but as I was telling you my Lords, about the Play. I just now came from the Kings house, and truly every thing is very considerably well: and truly I doubt not but to make a considerable advantage of the Comedy; for I have very considerably insinuated my self into the opinion of the Leading Wits,—— and I have their—— [The Link-boys sneak off.] promise for applause, for indeed my Lord they know me for a Wit, and were extraordinarily pleas'd with my Heroick Poem call'd *The Man of New-Market*, and so forth; but let that pass, my Lords I see you do not regard me, and sleep is very necessary for a Poet, and so good night my Lords. {Enters into the Sedan.

Enter Petulant Easy.

Easy. I am hem'd about on all sides, and cannot scape the Watch, what shall I do for shelter till the Day breaks or the Clutches of the Parish are retir'd, ha! what's there, a Sedan, and no body near it? [A Noise as of the Watch.

Hark! the Watch are coming, I'll enter there and secure my self, ————— [Noise again.] There's a man in it, what shall I do now.—— [Noise again.] I must enter were he a Devil, till the Watch is past.

[Enters into the Sedan and shuts the door.]

Enter the two Sedan-men.

2. *Sed.* Pox on't, there's no Drink to be got, I think 'tis scarce two.

1. *Sed.* Let it be scarce one an't will, I care not, for I am devilish dry.

2. *Sed.* So am I too, but come, let us up with our load, by that time we have drop't them in the Fields it will be day.

[They take up the Sedan.]

Enter Contentious Surly, Constable and Watchmen.

Const. Stand, who goes there?

1. Sed. Friends.

Const. Who have you in your Sedan?

1. Sed. No body, Mr. *Constable*.

Surly. Search, search the Sedan, Mr. *Constable*, 'tis twenty to one but some Night-walking Lady or other is in it.

Sed. m. With all our hearts, there it is, search your Eyes out.

{ Whilst they are opening the Sedan, the men sneak away. The Sedan being opened discovers Twiford embracing Easy.

Const. What so close together? come out, come out I pray.

[They come out.

Surly. Death my Wife! and with a Mad-man too, this is insufferable; I am glad I have found your Ladship, would your Honour be conducted home in a Sedan? you shall be Sedan'd with a pox. Mr. *Constable* pray give me leave to secure this Lady, upon my word she shall appear at the first summons.

Const. Do you know her Sir?

Surly. Too well, I wish I did not, she is my Wife.

Const. You have Liberty.

Surly. Come Minion will you walk? I'll secure you for gadding I'll warrant you.

[Pushes her out before him.

Const. Stay, stay, what are you? *[Twiford offers to goe.*

Twif. Truly my Honourable Lord is very well, and as I told you the Play will take.

Const. What's all this to me? Who are you I say?

Twif. As I was saying, *Lewis* the 14th. is a brave Prince, and a very considerable Souldier; why look you Coz, this Ring was given me by Madam *Buly*, she is a very Honourable Lady, and takes much pains for the Publick.

Const. Tell me of Publicks, but give me an account, what are you?

Twif. Very considerably well indeed, and every thing is in a very good method, and—— *[Sings and Plays upon his Pots.*

Const. Watchmen away with him, he is a suspicious Person.

Twif. Truly Cousin I know nothing of the matter.

Const. What matter?

Twif. The very great Affairs of State, and Matters now in Question

Question are that the People of *Stetin* are a very Honourable People, and deserve to be a —

Const. I care not what they deserve to be, who are you? whence came you? and whither are you going?

Twif. Truly my Lord you are very obliging, but I know nothing of the matter, but my Lord I'll tell you, his Honour — I must beg your pardon Cousin, the good Lord *John* is just now come to town, and it will be accounted a great piece of rudeness to be absent, and be so considerably well, your Servant Cousin. [Runs off.]

Const. After him there and seize upon him, I will know what he is before he get his liberty. [Exit.]

SCENE A Bed-chamber.

A Table with two Candles and some Books upon it set upon the Stage. Enter Sir Geoffrey Jolt and Flora mask'd.

Geoff. Now you are kind indeed, I faith you are; come Lady let us prepare, let us undress, O how I long to be in Bed dear Lady!

Flor. Do you begin Sir, I'll but go in and dress my Head, and wait upon you presently. [Ex. Flora.]

Geoff. Pretty Rogue, an excellent Lodging this, this is no Mercenary Mistress. Lord, Lord, the Town Gallants are such conceited Animals, such Fops Alamode, they think no body has the happiness of Enjoying their Ladies but themselves. What's here, a Study? *Aristotles Problems*, excellent, and here *Leschole de Fies*, a pretty French book; and here *Annotations upon Aretines Postures*, three Excellent Books for a Ladies Chamber; but I am tardy, I stay too long, I should have been in Bed half an hour agoe; O for a week of Nights in One, that I might reap a Hecatoomb of Pleasures; who the Devil would marry and run the danger of being made a Cuckold, when he may live so freely? Come Lady, I am almost unready now, I am almost prepar'd, and could methinks —

Enter Emelia and Flora.

Emel. Good Morrow sweet Sir Geoffrey.

Flor. Good Morrow credulous Sir Geoffrey.

Emel. How did you like the Lady in the Mask?

Flor. Was she not very charming, all Ayre and Conversation?

Emel. Had she not a sprightly way of Courtship? did she not work you to a height with Art?

Flor. Did she not sigh, and swear she doated on you? long'd to betray her Honour to your Worship?

Geoff. Hold Syrens hold, you've said enough already.

Emel. Not to a man of Learning, a Country Magistrate, one that would keep his Mistress like a Lady, present her daily with some Toy or other, as Muffs.

Flor. Fans.

Emel. Gloves.

Flor. Ribbands.

Emel. Neck-laces.

Flor. Dogs.

Emel. Monkeys.

Flor. And above all, an Over-grown Baboon, just such another as your hasty self. [Geoffrey speaks loud.

Geoff. Peace I say, or by my Authority I will disturb the House, raise all the Servants, fright the Watch, amaze the Neighbours, and bring a Scandal on you both for ever.

Emel. Do, and we'll declare your Actions.

Flor. Relate your Course of life.

Emel. Defame your Honour.

Flor. Scandal your Learning.

Emel. And make your Name an Antidote, against the pleasantest Thoughts, the best desires that ever Woman had.

Geoff. Have you done? have you done now? ye Pair of the Devils.

Flor. Yes, will you be pleas'd to walk Sir?

Geoff. Any where out of your Companies Ladies: may desire and the want of what you slight so now pursue you ever.

[Ex. Sir Geoffrey Jolt.

Emel. Is he gone?

Flor. Yes, with an intent never to come again I'll warrant him.

Emel. Then let's to Bed.

*Imperfect Pleasures whilst in View they move,
Are the Ingenious Toyls of hasty Love.*

[Exeunt.

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT.

A C T V.

S C E N E *The Streets.*

Enter Sir Generall Amorous, Eudoria and Spywell.

End. **P**RAY Heaven we reach the House before Sir *Arthur*,
or else my Shame will kill me.

Gen. This is the most dangerous Adventure Love e're
thought on, and will I fear end in our ruins; for 'tis impossible
t' anticipate his hast.

End. Fancy not storms before you see 'em rising: I am re-
solv'd either to save my Honour by this means, or meet my ruin
quickly. [*Goes to the Door and unlocks it.*] Thus far I'm safe,
and make no question now but to succeed, farewell. Some
two hours hence I shall be glad to see you. *{Enters and locks*

the Door.

Gen. What dogged Planet Reign'd at my Nativity! *Saturn*
sure was Lord of the Ascendant; I could not else be cross'd as
I have been: twice most willingly she gave Consent I should
enjoy her Love, and still that Devil Jealousy frustrated all my
hopes; which like a man drove by one wave ashore, is by ano-
ther hurried back again. To love, and not enjoy is but to
gaze upon Delicious meat, and have no pow'r to touch it; I
must goe on. Within this two hours I shall be glad to see you;
that, that alone, had I not had sufficient Proof before, would
have confirm'd an Angel.

*On then to Bliss which we'll in private meet,
Where troubles past shall make it taste more sweet.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Arthur Twilight and Bramble.

Arth. I am out of Breath with running, a pox of Matrimony
if this be the fruits on't, was ever Gentleman made a Cuckold
before?

Bramb. Yes Sir, especially Citizens; 'tis an Hereditary posses-
sion belonging to the Court of Aldermen, and scarce one escapes
it, if their Wives are either Young or Handsome.

Arth. I would mine had been neither, I would she had not been a Woman, rather than I should thus be made a Cuckold; but 'tis done, 'tis done, I am all over Horns that's certain, and shall be counted a greater Monster than the *Elephant*.

Bramb. 'Tis something severe indeed, but the best is, you are not the first Citizen that has had his Wife run away with a Courtier.

Arth. Am I not Sirrah ha? you make a mock of it, do you?

Bramb. No Sir no, I am in earnest.

Arth. Are you so Villain, are you so? but on, on, knock at the Door, I long to be fully satisfied. } *Bramble knocks at the Door.*

Enter Eudoria above in her Night-gown.

Eud. Who's there?

Bramb. What's that to you?

Eud. Who are you?

Arth. A Friend, a Friend, one that should be Master of this House.

Eud. Who, my Dear Husband? my kind Sir *Arthur*? where have you been to Night?

Arth. Ha! where have I been to Night? rather Lady where have you been to Night?

Eud. Here, here in my Chamber, rob'd of the Blessing of your sweet society, it was unkindly done.—

Arth. It was indeed to run away from your Husband: but come, come, no more of that, open the Door Lady.

Eud. I'll fly to do it, I am overjoy'd to see you. [*Ex. Eud.*]

Arth. What is the meaning of this? I faith I know not what to think on't.

Bramb. Nor I neither, I am sure she was at the Tavern.

Arth. But how came she home then? how in her Chamber undrest, ha?

Bramb. Nay the Devil knows, and he is the best Counsellor a Woman has, but this is some trick, some trick upon my life; and ten to one Sir *Generall Amorous* is with her.

Arth. It is impossible, he went to the *Salutation Tavern*. I am sure, I saw him, spook to him, and drank with him there.

Bramb. All this may be, and yet he be in Bed with your Wife; to know which I'll go into the Street, some two or three

three doors from the House, and cry, fire, fire, then go to your Back door and watch that, whilst you your self watch this.

Artb. This will do, this will do, i'fack haste and about it streight. [*Ex. Bramble.*]

Enter Eudoria.

Eud. O my dear Husband! where have you been to Night? all night abroad at Taverns? rob me of my Garments and then run away from me? Alas is this seemly, for a man of your Credit? your Age? and Affection to your Wife?

Artb. This is fine i'faith, miraculously fine. [*Aside.*] Was not I at home? call'd you like a Porter? stood under your Window unregarded, was almost mad with fury, and all this but last night, ha?

Eud. Yes Sir, the harmless sleep you broke, and my answer to you would have witness'd it, if you had had the Patience to have stay'd one minute longer: but your so suddain retreat made me imagine you were gone with Sir *Generall Amorous* that common Debauche: keep him not company Dear, he is enough to ruine twenty Aldermen.

Artb. Hey day! this is fine indeed: it is impossible she should be honest; and yet she has not the looks of a Sinner neither. [*Bramble within, fire, fire, &c.*]

Eud. Ha Fire! I am undone for ever then.

Artb. Ha Fire! I'll watch this Door for that trick.

{ *Stands with his back against the door, Bramble within, fire, fire, &c.* }

Eud. Dear Husband let's go in and remove the Goods, we shall be lost for ever else.

Artb. Not I by Heav'n, I'll stand here till to Morrow first.

Enter Sir Generall Amorous and Spywell.

Gen. From whence this Dismall noise?

Spyw. I know not Sir.

Gen. See it has rais'd my Worthy Landlord and his Wife. Where is the Fire Sir?

Artb. Nay I know not.—Hey day, hey day, stranger and stranger still. [*Aside.*]

Enter

Enter Contentious Surly in a Night-gown.

Surly. Good morrow Sir *Arthur*, you are Alarm'd by the Noise I see.

Arth. Not much Mr. *Surly*, I am proof against fire, I am a meer *Salamander*, and can live as well in the Flame as a *Duck* in the Water, —'sfoot I know not what to think of this— [*Aside.* Sir *Generall*, Sir *Generall*, you are a Wag, i'fack you are : what stay abroad all Night ? come, tell me where were you, indeed you shall.

Gen. Troth Sir at a Tavern about a Mile from hence, where after the pleasures of Wine and Musick, I hoped to enjoy the Charming *Easy*, but was hindred by that Jealous Devil *Surly*.

Arth. Did he hinder you i'fack, did he come and take you ?

Gen. Just in the nick by Heav'n.

Arth. It was ten thousand pities, it was indeed, you lost a delicate Night on't, i'fack I am sorry for it : what, hindred of a Night ?

Gen. 'Twas my ill fortune Sir, but we shall meet again.

Arth. I'll do my best to help you, I will indeed, where's your Man ?

Gen. There Sir.

Arth. He looks clouded methinks.

Gen. A little Sir, for want of Rest, he's a most faithfull Servant.

Arth. A brave contriver, I'll warrant him.

Gen. How to get Drunk that's all : he roul'd last night just like a Bowl ill byas'd, and slept in every Corner.

Arth. This is miraculous ! I find I have abused my Wife all this while, and been Jealous for nothing ; I am glad it is no worse though. O Villain ! Monster that I was ! how have I abus'd my self ! He with *Easy* ? and his man asleep in every Corner ? this is strange indeed. [*Aside.*

Pardon me *Eudoria* for leaving the Window so hastily, for my suddain Jealousy transfer'd me ; I will say no more but this, I will not indeed, Dear Wife I suspected thee.

Eud. How, did you suspect me ?

Arth.

The Jealous Husbands.

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Arth. Talk no more of it, I did indeed, and am asham'd to own it; come, come, we'll in, and every morning on my knees I'll beg a pardon from thee.

Enter Bramble.

Bram. He is not come out Sir.

Arth. No matter, no matter, all's well again, I am Sir *Arthur* again, the brisk, bonny, and the merry Sir *Arthur* again, ha?

Surly. Where's the Fire *Bramble*?

Bram. Fire? what Fire? was there any Fire?

Gen. I heard 'em cry Fire.

Surly. And so did I.

End. And I.

Bram. Meer fancy, meer fancy, there is not a spark of fire in the whole City.

Surly. Then I'll to Bed again, good morrow Sir *Arthur*.

Arth. Nay Mr. *Surly* we will not part so, what, part with dry lips? out upon't, come, come, we'll go into my House, and drink a Glass or two, and then part to our Beds; come Sir *General*.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Sir Geoffry Jolt Drunk.

Geoff. Let it burn on, I have nothing to say to fire or women, they are both out of my Element, Wine, precious Wine I am for, the blood of the Grape shall be my Mistress; I have been damnably affronted by a couple of Jilting Queans already, and it will be hard to bring me into a third *Præmunire*. Where am I? O pretty near home, I find it, this 'tis to have good store of Wine in one's Head; a man reels to his Lodging so decently.

[*Exit Reeling.*]

SCENE A Bed-chamber.

Enter Petulant Easy,

Easy. Now I am lost, and hope is fled for ever, there's no way left to accomplish my desire, nor how to bring about my wish'd for vengeance; I am a Prisoner now, confin'd to one I hate above the World, and forc'd to love what I have cause to hate, the treacherous *Amorous*, but he is gone, fled to *Eudora's* Bosome, and there is lodg'd a happy loving Guest.

Enter

Enter Sir Geoffrey Jolt.

Geoff. Still, still in the reeling posture; what ne're leave me? ha, where am I? what, in my Landladies Chamber? now if I had not made an Oath to the contrary, I would venture to salute her: pox 'twas a foolish Oath, and ought not to be kept by a person of Honour, she kisses smartly, that's my comfort. By your leave Lady, I must have a touch with you.

[Takes hold of Easy.

Easy. What mean you Sir?

Geoff. Nothing but honesty by my Sobriety, you have such a taking way with you, such a delicious turn of the lip, and so charming a breath, that I am almost ravish'd.

[Offers to kiss Easy, she refuses.

Nay believe me Lady 'tis a favour, and ought to be taken so, nay come, come Lady.

[Pulls Easy.

Easy. Whither Sir?

Geoff. To your Bed, it is a very convenient Utensil, and ought not to stand for a Cypher in a Ladies Chamber, these melting lips——Nay by my Honour, if you are coy I shall be a Devil, come, come, be as you should be, a delightfull yielding Female, I am bound I'll promise you, you may venture, dear Rogue

Easy. Venture what Sir?

Geoff. To add one horn more to your Husband's Forehead, come, come, I know you love to make him a Cuckold.

Easy. A Cuckold Sir?

Geoff. Yes, yes a Cuckold, I have made him one my self.

Easy. How?

Geoff. In my sleep Lady, and there I thought you were so brisk, so airy, and so charming; and if you seem'd to be so then, I am sure you cannot chuse but be all pleasure now; come, dispatch.

Easy. I shall be forc'd to cry a Rape if you provoke me thus.

Geoff. With all my heart, who would not venture on a Woman for such a trifle? come along Lady, whilst you cry I'll act, and then see who'll have the best on't.

[Offers to force her.

Easy. Help, help, a Rape, a Rape.

Enter

Enter Surly.

Geoff. Pox what need you baulc so loud, we shall disturb the Neighbour. [*Forcing Easy still.*

Surly. What means this Rudeness Sir?

Geoff. Nothing but Civility by my Honour : meer Passion by *Jove*, and who can be angry at a Passion?

Surly. It ill becomes you, especially in my House, Sir *Geoffry*.

Geoff. Nay if you are angry I have done, Good morrow Landlord, I'll goe to bed and sleep, and Dream, and so forth. [*Exit Geoffry.*

Easy. Can you see this and not revenge the Injury? can you behold the honour of your Wife at stake, and not protect her; or at least, not offer to destroy the foul Abuser?

Surly. He's drunk, he's drunk, and knows not what he does.

Easy. Were it Sir *Generall*, or any other but this Coastish *Geoffry*, you would have entertained a Strange Suspicion, and with a Jealousy as unrestrain'd as ever fury could invent, have hunted both to ruine, but now——

Surly. Enough, enough, let this content you, that I ne're before did entertain so far a thought of Woman as now I do of thee: my foolish Jealousy still prompted me to think it was impossible you could be honest, or stand the Tryall of the least Temptation; but now I find thou hast a secret Virtue, which I will cherish ever: come let's retire.

All Jealous Pangs you by this All remove,

And now I shall renew Decaying Love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Sir Arthurs House.*

Enter as in a Passion Sir Generall Amorous, followed

by Sir Arthur Twillight and Eudoria.

Arth. Nay Sir *Generall*, i'faith I am sorry, I am indeed; what, leave your Friends house for a Trifle? nay sweet Sir *Generall*, I am not Jealous now, i'fack I am not; dear Wife go to him, perswade the Gentleman, win him again, I shall be distracted if he leave me, to him Dear——

Eud. I know 'tis but in vain.

The Rambling Justice, or,

Arth. Nay, nay try him, 'twas but a small affront to say I doubted him, or to be Jealous, was it? nay dear sweet Wife perswade him.

End. I'll try my power Sir, but I fear th'event.

Arth. That's well said, kiss him into friendship, hug him, do any thing to win him, (but lye with him) and I am satisfy'd.

End. Prepare a Banquet then to entertain him, and to it invite your Worthy friends; let it appear as costly as you can for such a little Warning, and I'll try if I can court him to it.

Arth. Do, do my little Rogue, and see how I will love you, the Night will come and then, — but 'tis no matter, thou knowest my meaning—— [Ex. Sir Arthur.

Gen. Is he gone?

End. Safe for an hour, I'll warrant him.

Gen. How greedily he hunts his own Destruction, and with a Zeal as eager as our Loves, he strives to haste our Pleasures!

End. Let us not lose that time by our neglect Heav'n has so kindly given.

Gen. 'Twere sin to slip the opportunity. Fortune now courts us to a World of Pleasure, and should we slight the Blessing she has given, we might for ever starve and long for Joys, but never more approach 'em.

End. Where shall we goe?

Gen. My Chamber is most safe; nay any where as you have chang'd his humour, he would mistrust his Eyes I'm sure before you.

End. Then let us goe, for fear we are prevented. [Exeunt.

Enter Emelia and Flora.

Eme. This is a strange alteration, but yesterday my Father was as Jealous as a Husband without Eyes, and as Waspish as an ill pleas'd Bride; and now he is all Mirth and Jollity. Pray Heaven it last.

Flor. So say I, for he just now proffered me a Husband: and if his Jealous Fitt should come again, I might chance to leade Apes in Hell; and that's a Curse too insufferable for me to bear.

Eme. A Husband *Flora*! who was't?

Flor.

Flor. My degraded Magistrate, he tells me he is a man of Vigour, and loves me with an unspeakable flame.

Eme. And can you fancy him?

Flor. Best of all, for he's not a Wit I can tell you, and those soft headed Husbands are the easiest Creatures to work upon; a Woman may doe what she pleases, keep a Gallant in Town, or maintain a comely Servant in the Country; who shall be as proud to effect my Will, as I desirous to command him.

Eme. There's danger in 'em though, besides restraint of Liberty and Freedom, I hate to be mew'd up in a Country Castle, give me the Mall, or Grays-Inn Walks; and now and then a Play, where a Woman may receive as much Pleasure by gazing on the Gallants of the Town, as you in the Arms of your Country Magistrate: were I to chuse, I'de have a Generall Lover, one that Courts all, Doats little, and Enjoys every where.

Flor. They are so common, Sister.

Eme. Not as Country Squires: Alas there's a great difference in the men I speak of, One shall pretend he loves you most stroussly, and behind your back cry dam you. A Second court you with Letters, protest he doats upon you, and had rather gaze upon your Eyes, then any she in the whole World beside; and yet the next minute run to a Bawdihouse. A Third comes with that taking Toy call'd Matrimony or Honourable Love, when his whole designe is but to Enjoy you, spend your Portion, and then leave you a Miserable Woman.

Flor. You are well vers'd in the distinctions of Men, Sister.

Eme. But above all, were I to chuse, give me Sir General Amorous, his Business is writ here, here in his Face; and they are much deceiv'd who think he comes to marry 'em.

Enter Sir Arthur Twilight and Bramble.

Arth. Are all invited?

Bramb. Yes Sir, all you gave order are.

Arth. And will they come?

Bramb. Doubtless, Sir, they are most there already: here's a Note of their Names.

[*Gives Sir Arthur a Note.*]

Arth. Let me see it, let me see it.

[*Reads.*]

Sir John Twisford? what have I to doe with him? I want no Madmen Sirrah.

Bramb. He will not come I'll warrant you, for I told him unless he could produce a new suite of Cloaths, and leave those greasy ones behind him, he could not enter here.

Arth. That's pretty well, it is indeed, i'fack I like the Jeast: Come Daughters let us go in, my Wife and Guests will stay for me, they will indeed, I long to be amongst 'em, for I shall be so merry, so Jocos and pleasant, come dear Girls. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene draws and discovers seated as at a Banquet, Sir Generall Amorous, Eudoria, Contentious Surly, Petulant Easy, and Sir Geoffry Jolt.

Enter Sir Arthur Twilight, Emelia, Flora, and Bramble, all rise.

Arth. Nay, nay sit down, sit down my Worthy Friends, I'fack I joy to see you, why this was kindly done to visit me upon so small a Warning. [*All sit down.*]

Surly. You see we love you Sir.

Arth. I hope you do so all, I should be loth to have the hate of any man, I'fack I should, come Gentlemen be merry, let's sing, and dance, and drink, and be jocos, ha?

Geoff. Still the Old man by *Jupiter*, come here's a Health, 'tis but a frolick, to the most Superannuated Cuckold in *Europe*.

Arth. Let it go round I'fack.

Eud. Fy Sir, there's a Health? I blush to hear it.

Arth. But you shall not: what, blush for a trifle? a Cuckold is a Christian, and so we are all I hope: Mr. *Surly* you are sul-len, dogged, moody, alamorr I'fack, come here's a Health to the Lord Mayor of *London*, ha, that was well thought upon ha, was it not, ha?

Geoff. You are the same man still, you are indeed Sir *Arthur*, I love a man that has no sense of his own Miseries: look, look, my Landlord's dogged, at that name Cuckold, down in the mouth by *Jove*, but you bear up briskly still ha, let me embrace thee dear Rogue. [*Embraces Sir Arthur.*]

Arth. Look Sir *Geoffry*, mind that Girl, that little Wag *Flora*, would she not make a brisk the Magistrate ha, would she not ha?

Geoff.

Geoff. Yes Sir, yes, a delicate Magistrate.

Arth. You shall see her Dance Sir *Geoffry*, believe me she has Excellent Parts, come *Flora*, I'fack she shall be yours all over.

Flora Dances a Jig.

Arth. Excellent Girl I'fack, take her Sir *Geoffry*, take her, I say she shall be yours, I'fack she shall.

*{ Entertains Eudoria
in Dumb show.*

Geoff. The little Rogue has Charm'd me, she has won my heart again, come little Wag, what say you to a Country Magistrate now ha, ——— nay nay — I have forgot all the Abuses, all the Affronts you and your Sister put upon me, I have upon my Honour.

Flor. You are too hasty Sir *Geoffry*, you have my Fathers Consent I must confess, but mine is yet to get; and if you have me you must expect to be made a ———

Geoff. Cuckold every day, I know it very well, 'tis Hereditary to the Family, but I'll venture that: come little Rogue.

Enter Twiford dress'd Ridiculously, with Stockins of two severall Colours, Breeches altogether out of Fashion, and a Coat quite different from all; and over this a Carpet cut so, that his Head and Arms may come through, and the rest hang like a Senators Gown.

Twif. — Save you, — save you Ladies, and you my Honourable Lords and very good Cousins, you see I keep my word, but upon my Honour it was something hard to put my self thus into the Fashion, I was at least with a score Lords and Ladies, all very considerable People, who were very considerably pleas'd with my new Play, and truly I believe, it may do very honourably well, but my Lord [*To Bramble*,] You are a man of Wit, and I know understand in a very Extraordinary manner, I'll show you my Comedy; in the mean time pray Coz oblige me with a Bottle of Wine, and a considerable quantity of Meat; for mark you Coz I am a Wit, and a very hungry Wit, and between you and I those are the best sort of Wits.

Bramb. A Hungry Wit? I believe you: here Sir *John*, here is what Sir *Arthur*'s Table affords.

*{ Gives Twiford Meat, and Wine, both sit down
and Eat and Drink very greedily.*

Arth.

Arth. Will he not yield yet, will he not be friends ha? The Devil is in the man I think. — [Aside.]

Eud. He yet Sir is strangely averse to it, but I doubt not at another meeting to compleat the Work, and make you both friends again: and that's a very hard task, but for your sake I'll venture it.

Arth. Dear Love, Night is a coming and then, — I say no more, get Sir *General* to your Chamber, work him, work him to a height of Good nature, and then bring me the happy tydings, the joyfull news.

Eud. Where shall I find you Sir?

Arth. In my Study, in my Study Dear, I will make an excuse to the Company for my absence, and expect your Answer. Gentlemen, pardon me for leaving you so soon, a little business unthought of before our meeting, just now came into my Head, and wants to be dispatch'd; be merry, drink and be merry, I'll wait upon you presently.

Surly. You know your time Sir.

Arth. Now will I steal into *Eudorias's* Chamber, and obscure my self that I may hear how my Wife works him; She has a notable Tongue, and can wheedle a man Delicately, she has indeed. [Aside.]

[Ex. Sir Arth.]

Twif. This is Delicate Food my Lord, have you any more?

[To Bramble.]

Bramb. Truly Sir *John* no. Alas we live here amongst Cannibals, within a short time after Dinner they will devour one another.

Twif. Truly your Cousins at *Tork* are very Considerably well, and every thing is in a very decent Order, and they are all Extremely brave and Gallant; why look you Cousin, I am going to get a Commission, I have already a Scarf, Sword and Belt, and such Appurtenances; indeed they are the same I had at the Campaign at *Black-beath*, but still they are very Genteele and Modish. —

{ All this while Sir Geoffrey Entertains Flora
in Dumb show.

Geoff. What say you now little Rogue ha?

Flor. I say I shall be the same I ever was, the same jeasting, jearing, designing Woman.

Geoff. With all my heart.

Flor. I must must not be Curb'd.

Geoff.

Geoff. You shall not.

Flor. Nor be hindred of my Pleasure.

Geoff. You shall not.

Flor. Nor be lock'd up in my Chamber.

Geoff. Neither.

Flor. Then give me your Hand ——— I'm Yours.

Geoff. Not as you was before, to Couzen me, I hope.

Flor. The Minister shall confute you : but we shall stay too long from the Company.

They go into the Scene and sit down, the Scene closes.

Twif. My Lord you are very obliging, and Madam *Flora* is very considerably in a good posture, as affairs stand now, and truly by the next month, at the opening of the Campaign, she will be much bigger, and fit for a Considerable command.

Bramb. Shall we not have your Company, my Lord ?

Twif. Cousin, I will wait upon you, and be, my Lord, your most considerably Obliging Faithfull servant to command.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE Eudoria's Chamber.

Enter Sir Arthur Twilight.

Arth. Now I shall be made the happiest Citizen in London, I shall indeed ; let me see, where shall I hide my self to overhear 'em, I fack under that Table, it is a Delicate privacy, and very fit for the purpose.

[*Creeps under the Table.*]

Enter Sir Generall Amorous and Eudoria.

Gen. Now Joy comes on apace, and every minute produces new Delights. We love without controule, and tread those paths are pointed out by your late Jealous Husband, and what before we studied for with care, is by Sir *Arthur* flung into our Arms.

Arth. Ha ! what means this ?

[*Aside.*]

Eud. Nothing's more sweet than oft repeated Bliss, especially to one whose Appetite has been so often dull'd by the Embracings of Old Age and Folly.

Arth. Ha! is this the Effects? they are reconcil'd, faith they are. *[Aside.]*

Gen. Poor Senceless man! that has the impudence to think a Woman can be mew'd up alone, or feed upon a Sapless Tree: by Heaven a Nunnery is Paradise to such a Ladies Chamber.

Arth. I can endure no longer, and yet I dare not stir. *[Aside.]*

End. Now we are all desires, and reap each minute a World of New-born Pleasures, whilst in that fordid thing a Feeble Husband, we feed upon a wish, and only live by the imaginary parts of Bliss, Phantasms and Idle Dreams.

Arth. O Devil, Devil, Devil, I shall be made a Cuckold, I find I shall, and dare not offer to prevent it neither. *[Aside.]*

Gen. Let us be real Lovers, and meet our Flames with vigour, I'm talk'd into an Exstasy, — and shall expire by gazing on your Charms.

End. We talk away that time which should be spent in Pleasure.

Arth. A Whore, a Whore, by Heaven a common whore, and I an Arrand Cuckold. *[Aside.]*

Gen. I've been too tardy my Endoria, and will be so no more. *[Speak and move towards the Bed.]*

Shoot down ye Gods, all, all your Plagues above,
When I neglect the Critick hour of Love.

Arth. Confusion! a Pimp, a Pimp, a Pimp.

[Falls into a fit of Coughing, they start.]

Gen. Ha! from whence that Noise?

End. Under the Table I think.

Gen. What Slave durst interrupt us?

End. We are betray'd I fear. *[Looks under the Table.]*
My Husband! I am lost for ever.

Gen. Ha! your Husband? then Impudence assist me. *[Draws.]*
Come forth thou scorn of Mankind, and take your Death with patience; look on your Fate, and with a Brow serene, smile whilst I send thy Soul into another World: come out I say.

Arth. Not I by Jove, if you will kill me do it in private, for I shall never indure to see it done.

Gen. Then — *[Offers to kill him.]*

Arth.

Arth. Nay sweet Sir General hold, his plague enough to be a Cuckold, but I'll forget I am one, if you'll save my Life. Alas, I am not prepar'd to dye.

Gen. So much the greater my Revenge.

[Offers to kill him again, Eudoria binds him.]

Eud. Nay let me beg his Pardon Sir, alas the fault was mine, I ought to suffer, shed not the Blood of such a harmless man, but if you must be cruell, sheath here your Sword, and let my Life and shame end both together.

Gen. Come out I say.

Arth. Not till you give me Life, I faith I am sorry, very sorry I interrupted you, I am indeed.

Gen. Come out, and I'll consider on't. [Comes from under the Table and kneels.] How durst ye, thou base Jealous Dotard, presume to think an evill thought of us, much more disturb our Pleasures, skulk in our known Recesses, and all to make you mad, horn mad? but to prevent your Dunacy thus I'll —

[Offers to kill him again, Eudoria Kneels and seems to Weep.]

Eud. Hold, on my Knees I beg you to forbear, look on his Age, his Innocence and Goodness, look how submissively he bends for Pardon, and also look upon *Eudoria's* Tears: can they not win you yet, not bate your Fury? then on his Neck I'll hang and perish there, perish and Dye with my dear Loving Husband.

[Falls on his Neck and Weeps.]

Arth. Can you mean you strike now? can you kill Sir Arthur? your best Friend! Sir Arthur! Alas, you for all these Tears, for all the Tears of such a loving Wife? —

[Falls on Eudoria's Neck and Weeps.]

Gen. Wife, she has gain'd your Pardon: but on Condition that you never talk, nay not so much as think of what has happened, if you doe —

Arth. Never, alas I will take it for a Dream, a meer Dream, and when I am awake, put it out of my Memory.

Gen. Forgive *Eudoria* then, and with a Zeal as hasty, as you went to Church together.

Arth. I do, I sack I do, with all my Heart I doe. Consider Sir, 'tis but a Venial sin, and not so great as it is Common; for but few Women inviolably observe the Faith they owe their Husbands.

Art. I'm of your mind *Sir Generall*, I'fack I am, this 'tis to be Old and fearfull; but 'tis no matter, I'm not the first Cuckold, that's my comfort.

End. Now all my hopes are lost, quite lost for ever, and I must still be bound to one I hate.

Enter Twiford Singing and Dancing.

Twif. Why, look you Cousins, every thing is Considerably well, and the Affair has been managed with a great deal of Prudence, and my Cousin *Geoffry* and his Wife *Emelia*, are mighty jocost and pleasant; and every thing is in an extraordinary Good manner and Posture, and the way is mighty obliging I assure you, they did me the honour to employ me in this great Affair, which is to advertise you that all my good Lords and Ladies are in very Good health, and are—

Enter Sir Geoffry, Emelia, Contentious Surly, Petulant Easy, Flora, Spywell and Bramble.

Why look you Cousins, here are all my very good Lords and Ladies, and pray pardon me my Lords, if I leave your Companies so soon, for my very Honourable Friend and Cousin, my Lord——has sent for me, and I am to win a hundred Guinies to night, which is very considerable, my very good Lords, Ladies and Cousins, Adieu. [Ex. Twiford.]

Geoff. What, Alamort *Sir Arthur*? Come, come be merry and sing, I have got your Daughter, I'fack Boy.

Art. 'Tis Well, 'tis very well, she is a smart Rogue, and will make a good Wife I'll warrant her.—She is my Daughter, and I hope will make you a Cuckold too; that I may have a Son in law of the Family of the Wittalls.— [Aside.]

{ All this time *Sir Generall* Entertaint
Flora in Dumb show.

Gen. *Sir Arthur* *Twilight* all anger being past and quite forgotten, to bind my self for ever to you, and by a Bond that knits Intire Affections, with your Consent and to secure your peace, here will I plant my Love.

Art. With all my Heart, I care not what you doe, Marry whom you please, I can be but a Cuckold still. [Aside.]

Gen. What say's *Emelia*?
Emel.

Emel. I would say nothing Sir to Matrimony, if you men were not so deceitfull, and yet methinks I long to know what 'tis.

Gen. O 'tis a Pleasing Pain, a Heav'nly Bliss.—

Emel. Nay, tell me not on't before hand, I hate to have my Pleasures pal'd by talking of 'em, give me your hand, for once I'll venture Marriage, but believe me, if it prove contrary to my Expectation, I'll run for't, go to Law for alimony, and be Mistress to an Alderman.

Artb. He shall be a Cuckold too, I'll perswade my Daughter to be a Whore, and so be reveng'd on him. *[Aside.]*

Easf. Still he is False, and in the highest nature; I'll study for Revenge now I have lost him, and ruin both together. *[Aside.]*

Surly. Sir *Generall Amorous*, I beg your Pardon for those foul suspicions I had of you and *Easf*, and hereafter I'll strive to show my Love.

Gen. My thanks shall not be wanting, nor my Rewards, to *Spynwell* and to *Bramble*, both which have play'd the Parts of Faithfull Servants.

*Licentious Youth, taught by unruly Fires,
Each moment leads us to Unjust Desires.
The Joy once past, and the great Blessing ta'en;
We grieve to think it cannot come again.
But here that Bliss we do in safety meet,
And lay our Glories at the Victors Feet.
Where uncontroll'd we in our Chains enjoy
Those Pleasures which our Freedom would destroy.*

FINIS.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Sir ARTHUR.

THE fate of Writing is like Wedlock dark,
The Wife's Debauch'd by every Modish Spark.
And though a Man Monopolizeth Wit,
He's sure to have but little share of it.

We City Cullies buy our Wive's so Dear
And with such Pains indulge each Wantons Ear }
Till they break out, and you Debauch 'em here, }
There's scarce a Gallant but has fresh supplies
Of Love and Glances, from her Wanton Eyes.
The fate of Citty and Poet then are even,
For sure both Fools and Cuckolds go to Heaven:
How happy then's the Authour of this Play,
Who although Young's as great a Fool as they?
He swore he did not Write to show his Sence
But his Unequal'd stock of Impudence,
For though you Raile and Dam, he laughs to see
You more mistaken in his Play then he.

FINIS

